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Seventh Series }
Volume XXII. }

No. 3113—March 5, 1904.

{ From Beginning
Vol. CCXL. }

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JAPANESE RELATIONS WITH KOREA.

When a great and powerful nation is determined to take possession of the territory of another which is insignificant and weak; when it conscientiously believes that, in order to secure its safety and future material development, the incorporation of the weak within its dominions is essential; when, on the other hand, a third nation, also great and powerful, is decided that this incorporation will constitute a menace to its own safety, and is determined that the weak must either remain independent or be appropriated by none but itself; when the first is flushed with the unbroken success of a long career of territorial expansion, achieved sometimes by diplomacy, but as frequently by force of arms, and has, in public at least, unbounded confidence in its military strength; when the third has equal confidence in its strength, is actuated by the most fervid patriotism, is high-spirited, of unquestioned valor, of absolute unanimity, and throughout two thousand years of history has never known defeat—then an *impasse* is created from which the only outlet is war. Russia has decided that the coast line of Korea is essential to the completion of her own Asiatic littoral. On the eastern coast of

Siberia her harbors are closed by ice and useless to her throughout the winter. The coast of Manchuria is ill provided with harbors; even that of Port Arthur is of insufficient depth and dimensions to afford adequate shelter to a fleet or even to single battle ships of the present-day tonnage. That of Korea, on the other hand, has several harbors which fulfil every naval requirement. Pre-eminent among them is Masampho (called Douglas Inlet on the English charts), in the extreme south of the peninsula, almost directly facing the Straits of Shimonoseki, and less than sixty miles distant from the Japanese island of Tsushima. It is capacious, deep, sheltered, and capable of being rendered impregnable to attack from the sea at little cost either of money or engineering skill. It is free from ice all the year round. It is less than 900 miles distant from Liaoyang, a station on the Trans-Asian railway, and for 300 miles of this distance a railway, constructed by Japanese, is already far advanced on the road to completion, so that it could speedily be brought within the effective sphere of Russia's military land system. Its possession would give any strong naval Power holding it almost complete command of

the Chinese seas, providing a secure basis from which effective blows might at any time be struck at either Japan, China, or our own Far Eastern Colonies. To Japan it would, in the hands of an aggressive Power of unbounded covetousness, be a perpetual danger. It is no wonder, therefore, that, considering this port the key of Korea, and Korea again the key of Asia, Japan has determined that neither must fall into any hands but her own—that this condition must forever be the very foremost plank of her foreign policy—and that that policy must be maintained at all costs and at all risks so long as a single Japanese fighting ship or man remains. It seems impossible that either Power can now withdraw from the position it has publicly assumed. For Russia to do so at the dictation of a Power hitherto believed by all Chinese to be infinitely weaker than herself would be to inflict a blow upon her Asiatic prestige for which she would have to pay dearly in the enhanced difficulty of guarding her Siberian frontier, coterminous with that of China for 3,000 miles, against predatory Chinese bands. For Japan to do so would be merely postponing an evil day, when she would either have to fight on far less favorable terms than she can now do or undergo a complete effacement as an influential Power in the Far East. There seems to be no escape from war between the two Powers, and in all human probability the first blow will have been struck before these lines see the light of publicity.

Should this anticipation, so far as the fact of the outbreak of war, apart from the time at which it takes place, prove correct, it will be the fourth foreign war in which Japan has engaged, and of every one Korea has been the subject. In the mythological days of her history Japan is said to have successfully invaded Korea and to have re-

ceived the submission of its king, who declared that until the rivers flowed backwards he and his kingdom would for ever remain tributary to Japan. In this fact the Japanese hold implicit faith, though its date was long prior to the commencement of authentic history, and the miraculous incidents that are gravely alleged to have accompanied the invasion are sufficient to throw doubt on the whole story. Fourteen hundred years later Korea was a second time invaded, and in regard to this invasion we are treading on firm historical ground. Japan was then ruled by Hideyoshi, a great and successful general, whose ability had raised him from low degree to the position of Regent of the Empire. Absolute in Japan, he resolved to crown a long and unbrokenly successful military career with a second conquest of Korea, which was invaded by his troops in 1592. During the following six years the whole country was overrun and devastated from end to end. The Koreans, utterly inexperienced in war, armed only with primitive weapons, even then accustomed to rely for protection on China, could offer but a feeble resistance to the Japanese veterans, fighting with firearms and led by skillful and experienced generals. Assistance was sent to them from China; but the Japanese, though meeting with some slight reverses, were finally victorious everywhere, and the whole of Korea was prostrate before them. In 1598 Hideyoshi died, and the Japanese withdrew, but they left behind them a ruin from which Korea has never recovered. That, prior to that invasion, her people must have possessed a high degree of industrial and artistic skill is shown by the spoils brought back by Hideyoshi's soldiers, some of which are now among the principal ornaments of the beautiful temples at Nikko. Not only were the productions brought back, but the artists themselves, and Korea, having

lost all her experts, has since then attained no higher level of industry than the manufacture of very fine matting, paper, and rather coarse brass work, and Korean art is a non-existing quantity. So deeply did the iron sink into the soul that the bitter memory of all the long-continued horrors of that invasion still lasts among the Korean peasants, who to this day speak of the Japanese as "the accursed nation."

From the beginning of the seventeenth century Korea regularly sent embassies with tribute to Japan. But at the same time she always acknowledged the suzerainty of China and looked to China for protection from foreign foes, even for help in domestic troubles. Her religion, law, custom, and thought were always in sympathy with those of China. In 1871 Japan started on her career of Western civilization, ostensibly, never in actual reality, flinging entirely aside at one *coup* every principle that had heretofore guided her. News of her action reached Korea, who not only refused to send further tribute but openly and insultingly taunted Japan with her desertion of Chinese civilization and her adoption of the manners and customs of the despised Western barbarians. When this became publicly known an outburst of indignation caused the entire Samurai class of the people—none other was then of any political count—to clamor for a third invasion of Korea. But every interest of Japan was in favor of peace. Her resources were exhausted by her own revolutionary war; a new and inexperienced Government, ignorant of even the elementary details of international politics, and hated by a substantial section of its own people, was in office; the death knell of her old military system was already being rung, and as yet there was no new one to replace it; and facilities both of land and marine transport were entirely wanting. Wise

councils prevailed. War was not declared and Korea was left alone. The nation was, however, deeply indignant, and so far did discontent proceed that a rebellion broke out in one of the southern provinces. Continental diplomatists in Japan had at that time little knowledge of the country; scarcely a single member of the staffs of their legations had any of the language. One worthy member of the corps, reporting on the condition of affairs to his Government, stated that so great was the outburst of patriotic feeling that he scarcely ever passed through a street of the capital without meeting a Japanese who was crying at the top of his voice, "Koree! Koree!" which means, he wrote, "To Korea! To Korea!" and who was always surrounded by many sympathizers. "Koree," more properly "Kori," is the Japanese word for ice, the taste for which in summer had just then sprung into existence, and the bellicose patriots of the worthy diplomatist, who himself gravely told what he had written at a dinner party at the British Legation, were ordinary hawkers calling out their wares. The diplomatist's accuracy and perspicuity were on a par with those of many subsequent critics of Japan, English not excepted.

Korea was left alone in her hermit-like seclusion. Nothing was known in Tokio as to what was occurring there except to the Japanese themselves, who always maintained a small settlement at Fusan, the most southern port, and they would not tell. Even then, thirty years ago, rumors of Russian activity began to gain currency, and reports were circulated that the Russians had established a basis in Korea. In 1861 they had attempted to do so on the Japanese island of Tsushima—had in fact landed, planted a flag, and erected buildings—when they were politely requested to "move on" by an English man-of-war. It was now said

that they were repeating this course at Korean ports, and another English man-of-war was sent to investigate the actual condition of affairs. It was the lot of the present writer, who was then on the staff of the British Legation, to be sent with her, and the outlying islands and southern ports were examined. No Russians were found anywhere. The Japanese settlement at Fusan was visited, and its condition recalled in some degree that of the old Dutch settlement at Desima, in Nagasaki, where for 200 years a few members of the Netherlands Trading Company were suffered by the Shoguns of the Tokugawa dynasty to reside and trade under very humiliating conditions. The few Japanese who were at Fusan were virtually close prisoners. The resident stated that he had not been outside the limits of the settlement for over six months. Trade was represented by an occasional junk from Tsushima, and all traffic with the natives was carried on on the outskirts of the settlement, the neighboring Korean town being forbidden ground. In the man-of-war, which remained in the harbor for a few days, there was naturally a desire to visit this town, but strict instructions had been given to the commander to carefully avoid everything that might entail the risk of a conflict with the natives. The Koreans are, perhaps, the most expert stone-throwers in the world, and their skill in that respect would put even a Belfast Orangeman to shame. When we were told that huge piles of stones were collected on the road to the town, with which to welcome us if we endeavored to approach it, our curiosity had to remain ungratified. Later on in the same year (1875) an incident occurred which became the *proxima causa* of the opening of Korea to the world. A gunboat, while surveying the coasts, was fired on by a small fort. The fire was

promptly returned, and a landing party destroyed the fort, and brought away with it spoils of war in the shape of guns, banners, drums, &c., all of which were exhibited in the military museum at Tokio. The insult to the flag had been most amply revenged, but once more the pride of the Japanese people was keenly roused and punitive measures called for. Japan was now in a very different position to that of 1871, and felt herself able at all points to impress her will upon such a power as Korea. A great expedition was prepared, though it was much stronger in appearance than reality; two of the ablest members of the Government, a great soldier and a still greater diplomatist, accompanied it; but when it reached Korean shores diplomacy took the place of force, and a treaty was concluded by the terms of which two ports were opened to the trade and residence of Japanese subjects. Other nations soon followed Japan's example, and Korea was at last open to the world.

Throughout all the negotiations she had been treated both by Japan and the other nations as an independent kingdom, with which diplomacy was to be conducted on a footing of perfect international equality. But, while assuming or consenting to this equality *vis-à-vis* Japan and European Powers, Korea still clung to China's suzerainty, and China retained a controlling influence in her affairs, both foreign and domestic, an influence which was invariably exerted to keep the Koreans within their old limits of narrow-minded conservatism and prejudice. Japan was not fortunate in many respects. Rowdies of the worst class—and a very offensive and truculent class it is, *pace* the politeness and suavity that are so eminently characteristic of the Japanese people in general—were to be found in numbers at the open ports, and their treatment of the docile,

broken-spirited natives was not such as to soften the traditional hatred of the latter. In 1882 the legation at the capital was attacked and burned by a mob, and the Minister and his staff, which included a few policemen, trained to bear arms, did not escape without loss of life. Their cool courage, however, kept them together, and the majority succeeded in reaching the coast, twenty miles distant, where they were rescued by an English man-of-war that fortunately happened to be surveying in the neighborhood. The legation was soon rebuilt and occupied, but for its protection from that time Japan claimed and exercised the right of maintaining a force of troops in the capital, just as in the early days of her own foreign intercourse England and France had both stationed troops in Yokohama to secure to their countrymen resident there the protection which could not be relied on from the tottering Government of the Shogun. This right was recognized by China, and by a convention arranged between the two countries in 1885 it was agreed that both should have the privilege of stationing troops in Korea, but that due notice should be given by each to the other of any intention to exercise it whenever it became necessary.

The history of the succeeding nine years is one of constant bickerings between the two countries. Japan was neither well nor judiciously served by her representatives at the capital of Korea. China was, on the other hand, always represented by an able, determined, and astute agent, who maintained a controlling voice in all matters of internal Korean policy. Throughout this period the Korean Government showed no improvement on what it had been when the country was opened to foreign residence. It continued hopelessly corrupt and at the same time weak and vacillating, its sole

guiding principles being the selfish ones of personal or family aggrandizement. All important offices were exclusively held by members of the Queen's family, who were devoted to the interests of and ready to obey any orders that emanated from China. The Japanese, already recognizing how deeply the welfare of Korea affected their own national security, were earnestly anxious to promote salutary measures of reform in the administration, but found every effort thwarted by Chinese interference. The wretched people, ill-governed, taxed beyond all limits of endurance, and ruthlessly plundered by extortionate and unscrupulous farmers of the revenue, were on several occasions driven into open insurrection, but in every instance the outbreak was suppressed either by the Government itself or by the aid of Chinese troops. At last, in 1894, a more serious outbreak than usual occurred, and a fresh force of the best Chinese troops, a portion of the army efficiently drilled and well equipped at Tientsin by Li Hung Chang, was promptly sent to crush it, notice of its despatch being at the same time communicated to the Government of Japan, as required by the terms of the Convention of 1885. Japan's patience was now exhausted. She, in her turn, also sent troops, who occupied the capital, insisted that the suppression of the rebellion should be accompanied by a thorough reform of the administration, in order to assure future peace, order, and good government, and definitely refused once and for all to recognize China's continued suzerainty. The China and Japan war followed. Everywhere, both on sea and land, Japanese arms were victorious, and when peace was made one of its conditions was the acknowledgment by China of the absolute independence of Korea. Her active interference in the internal affairs of the kingdom was at an end along with her suzerainty, and

Japan, raised to the position of a great Power by her victories and the evidence she had given of military strength, deficient in no detail of skill, organization, and valor, at last seemed to have within her grasp a free field for promoting in Korea those reforms which had proved so much to the advantage of her own progress. Ill-fortune, however, continued to pursue her, and new difficulties arose in place of those which had been caused by China.

After the conclusion of the war the King of Korea turned to and placed his reliance on Japan. The hatred of the powerful family of the Queen, the members of which found themselves threatened with the loss of their offices and all the cherished opportunities of illegal enrichment which those offices gave, on the other hand, continued in an intensified form, and the influence of the family was still strong enough to constitute a serious obstacle in the paths of effective reform. Japan was once more most unfortunately represented at the capital by a soldier who showed himself entirely destitute of tact, foresight, or even the most ordinary discretion. What share he had, how far he was directly responsible for what occurred, is not publicly known, but that he had some was evidently recognized by the Japanese Government itself, as he was removed from office and has since never been employed again in any official capacity. Be that as it may, an outbreak occurred in the Korean capital in 1895. A party of Korean malcontents, accompanied and aided, if not actually led, by Japanese soldiers, broke into the palace and murdered the Queen and a great number of her relatives. All the gruesome details of this unhappy incident, as great an outrage on humanity, as ruthlessly and cruelly perpetrated, as the recent murder of the Queen of Serbia, are told in full in Mrs. Bishop's admirable book on Korea. Its direct

consequences were that the King, terrified both by the Japanese in his capital and by a section of his own subjects, fled for refuge to the Russian Legation, and from that moment Japanese ascendancy was at an end, and Russia, as a dominant factor in all the details of Korean politics stepped into the place that was formerly occupied by China. The Minister who had served his country so ill was replaced by Baron Komura, at the present moment Minister for Foreign Affairs, whose diplomatic ability was as conspicuous as the lack of it in his predecessor. But it was too late.

The possibility of Russian aggression in Korea has always been contemplated by Japan, ever since she began to direct her attention to foreign politics. When the collapse of China as a military Power was followed by the Russian occupation of Manchuria, and at the same time the Trans-Asian railway was completed, what originally appeared to be only a contingency of the remote future became a present and immediate danger. Japanese statesmen have never allowed any mistake to become current as to their views on Korea, which have had the hearty and unanimous support of the people and their parliamentary representatives and of the press. Whatever differences may prevail as to internal affairs there has never been a shade of discord as to this element in their foreign policy. Failing her continued independence, Korea must come under the protection or into the possession of Japan, and of Japan alone. Russia was now within easy striking distance of Korea, and the actions of her agents have showed that they are ready to take every advantage of all opportunities offered to them to extend their country's dominions by foul or fair means. History repeats itself, and there is a curious similarity between the events antecedent to the China-Japan war of 1894

and those which have gradually led up to the present crisis. Just as before the war the Chinese agent was all-powerful and able, by his own strength of character, backed by what was believed by all the world to be a great military Power, to impose his will upon the timorous, ignorant, and dishonest Government, so in recent years the most influential figures in the capital have been the Russian representatives, always able, determined, and unscrupulous, steadfastly pursuing one well-defined object, backed not only by a great military Power but by the personal gratitude of the Korean King (now Emperor) for protection in the past and relied upon by him for a continuation of that protection in the future. Japan has not again fallen into the errors of entrusting her interests to incapable agents. She has sent her best men to Korea; but it would require not one but many decades to wipe out the memory of the unhappy event of 1895, and her representative has always been in the cold, while that of Russia is freely admitted to the innermost confidence of the King and his ministers. But as she had done with China so Japan, struggling against all difficulties, has earnestly endeavored to come to terms with Russia by diplomacy, and to secure Korea's safety by peaceful measures.

With those objects in view she has concluded two formal conventions with the Russian Government, the first arranged in May 1896 between the representatives of the two empires at the Korean capital, one of whom was Baron Komura. It provided that, pending the establishment of order, each Government might maintain in Korea a maximum force of 800 troops for the protection of its legation and existing settlements at the capital and at the principal open ports, and that the Japanese might, in addition to this, maintain a further force of 200 gen-

darmes, to be stationed in small detachments at various points along the telegraph line from Fusan to the capital, these 200 gendarmes being thus spread over a distance of nearly 300 miles. This telegraph was originally erected for military purposes during the China and Japan war, and its continued maintenance on the conclusion of the war was sanctioned in proper official form by the Korean Government. Russia has heretofore had no settlements and few subjects in Korea, and not even a pretence of commercial interests. She has, therefore, never had any occasion to avail herself of the terms of the Convention. Japan has, on the other hand, important settlements at every port open to foreigners. The aggregate number of resident Japanese, engaged solely in industrial or commercial pursuits, exceeds 23,000. They have large vested interests in real property, three-fourths of all the foreign trade and shipping are in their hands, and if the purely commercial interests of Japan in Korea are far subsidiary to her political they are by no means of an insignificant nature.

By the second convention, concluded at Tokio in 1898 between Baron Nishi, the Japanese Minister for Foreign Affairs, and Baron Rosen, the Russian Minister, both Governments "definitely recognized the sovereignty and entire independence of Korea, and mutually pledged themselves to abstain from every direct interference in its internal affairs;" and that of Russia further pledged itself "not to obstruct the development of industrial and commercial relations between Japan and Korea." All these undertakings of both conventions were faithfully observed by Russia, as long as it suited her to do so, and that period lasted only until her military resources in the Far East reached a stage of development which she thought would enable her to meet Japan on equal terms.

When the Korean king was, under the circumstances already described, a refugee in the Russian Legation in his own capital in 1896, it appears that a concession was granted by him to a Russian subject for cutting timber in the valley of the river Yalu, on the north-western frontier. This concession, obtained under circumstances sufficient to vest it with very grave suspicion, has never been made public; its exact terms are unknown, and nothing was heard of it till the summer of last year, when Tokio was startled by the news that large numbers of Chinese laborers had been drafted from Manchuria across the Korean frontier, and that timber-felling on an extensive scale under Russian direction was begun. Further news soon came that the laborers were being followed by soldiers, both of the regular infantry and Cossacks, who, it was alleged, were necessary to protect them from the mounted Chinese bandits that infested the wild districts in Manchuria immediately to the north of the Yalu. Land was required to provide quarters for the soldiers and Russian settlers, and though the sale of land to foreigners outside the limits of the recognized settlements is forbidden by Korean law a large tract of many hundred acres in extent was purchased, it was said, from the Korean owners. This land is situated at Yong Ampho, a riverside port on the Yalu, about fifteen miles from its mouth. Substantial dwellings, sawmills, and other buildings were promptly erected on it, the river frontage embanked, and every intention displayed of creating a large settlement. A little further up the river, on the Manchurian side, is the port of Antung, which has been opened to foreign trade and residence by the treaty signed by China and the United States on the 8th of October last, the ratifications of which have just been exchanged. A small island lies in the

river midway between the two ports, so that the crossing is easy, and it was at this place that the Japanese invading army first entered Manchuria from Korea in the war. Yong Ampho is capable of being made into an excellent harbor at little cost; it is, in fact, said to be one of the ten best harbors in Korea. If its possession is combined with that of Antung, on the opposite bank of the river, and now, like the rest of Manchuria, in Russian occupation, the estuary and entire length of the Yalu can be closed to all approach from the sea. A fort was soon erected on the highest part of the acquired land, guns were mounted, and a garrison established in it. A second fort was commenced on the Manchurian side, on a cliff commanding the river, a few miles further up. The timber-cutting was at the same time extended far beyond the limits contemplated in the original concession. The Korean Government in vain protested strongly against these proceedings. The local governor of Wiju, the most important frontier town and the capital of the prefecture, who was ordered to stop the illegal sale of real estate, reported that the Russian methods rendered him powerless—that the Russians simply took possession of the land in the first instance, with or without the consent of the native owners, and went through the form of buying it afterwards. The Russian representative, in answer to the Korean protests, declared that the "valley of the Yalu" included not only the line of the river itself throughout its entire length, but all its tributaries and all the adjoining districts, and that a concession to cut timber implied the privilege of exercising every operation incidental to it, in no matter how remote a degree. He claimed, therefore, the right to construct railways or roads, erect telegraphs, acquire land for building purposes without any special licence from the Korean Govern-

ment to do so, and to take whatever military measures appeared to be prudent for the protection of the Russian settlers engaged in all or any of these works.

Japan had before her eyes the object lesson of Manchuria. Russia had, commencing with the leasing of a small portion of the Liao Tung peninsula, gradually extended her military occupation over the whole of Manchuria. It was true that she had promised to evacuate it on specified dates, but when the time came for the fulfilment of the promises, made with every formality that can bind a nation, they had been disregarded with cynical effrontery. Garrisons, instead of being withdrawn, were strengthened; forts and barracks were built in the best strategic positions—hastened on by working day and night—and every indication was given of an intention to make the occupation permanent. Might not the same happen in the case of Korea? From the small tract of land leased at Yong Ampho—illegally leased, it may be, but securely occupied under the lease—would not Russia gradually, as she felt herself strong enough, extend herself southwards throughout the entire Korean peninsula?

As Japan had done with China nearly twenty years previously, so now again she appealed to diplomacy. The Japanese Minister urged the Korean Government to declare both Yong Ampho and the town of Wiju, further up the river, open to foreign trade and residence. The interest which all foreign nations would then acquire in the district would be an insuperable bar to its becoming an exclusive sphere of Russian influence. He was strongly supported both by the British and United States representatives, but the Russian Minister promptly interfered and peremptorily forbade it. The Government, absolutely under his influence, though at first very ready to act upon the advice

which had been given to it, lost courage and yielded, and the district was not opened. Both the conventions that have been quoted were thus violated by Russia in their most essential items. She had stationed troops in Korean dominions without a figment of pretence that they were necessary for the protection of existing settlements, and she had acquired land in places not open to the residence of foreigners in defiance of the provisions of Korean law. In both respects she had outraged the sovereignty of Korea as an independent kingdom, which she had solemnly bound herself to recognize. She had then impeded the development of Japanese trade and industry by arbitrarily preventing the opening of new ports and undisguisedly exposing her intention to reserve an entire district for the exclusive occupation of her own subjects and to close them forever to Japanese enterprise. All these facts were duly chronicled in the Tokio press, and the spirit of the Japanese was deeply moved, but at the same time the entire nation exhibited a degree of patience and self-restraint which testifies to the existence in their character of a phase heretofore unsuspected even by those who know them best. Their national pride was already outraged by what had occurred in regard to Manchuria. A small portion of it had been ceded to Japan in 1895 as part of the spoils which she had fairly won in war. From that she had been forced to withdraw by Russia and the two European powers that acted in conjunction, on the ground that her occupation of the Manchurian littoral was prejudicial to the continued peace of the East. Japan had then no choice but to submit. She was exhausted by the war she had just concluded, her military magazines depleted of stores, and her ships, after six months' continuous buffeting in the winter seas of North China, in no state fit to face fresh enemies. But the hu-

milliation then sank into the hearts of the nation, and when, a few years later, Russia not only took possession of the very district from which Japan had been ejected, but plainly evidenced her intention of absorbing the whole province of Manchuria, a bitter sense of injustice was added to the humiliation.

Japan has great commercial interests in Manchuria, both actual and potential. It is a country eminently suitable for the residence of her subjects, whose yearly increasing numbers demand fresh outlets for their industry. But these interests are shared by all the Western nations—England, the United States, and Germany—who are the chief competitors in the trade of the Far East, and Japan is now ready to forget the past and to ask nothing more for her own people than the full enjoyment of the commercial rights and privileges that are granted by treaty to her and other nations. If the safety and independence of Korea can be adequately secured she has no mission to act as the general champion of the world in regard to Manchuria, and she is willing on these two conditions to recognize the special interests which Russia has already acquired, which involve among them the efficient military protection of the railway to Port Arthur. But the safety and independence of Korea are of vital moment to her own national existence. Every menace to them is a direct menace also to her material and political interests, far beyond what it can be to those of any other Power, and she can assent to nothing which will either directly imperil them now or threaten to do so in the future.

There were, of course, exceptions to the general calm with which Russian proceedings were received. In June certain professors of the Imperial University of Tokio, all well known and distinguished men, issued a violent

manifesto in which they urged the adoption of force for the immediate expulsion of Russia from Manchuria, if that expulsion could be obtained in no other way. If the Russians acquired possession of Manchuria, they said, how could the independence of Korea be secured? and if Russia ever became mistress of Korea would Japan not be the next object of attack? The Diet, on its meeting, gave signs of restiveness, and the press has had its loud-voiced Jingoës. But the professors received no support from the nation; their bellicose suggestions were unreservedly condemned in the leading journals; the Diet was promptly silenced, and the majority of the press—all the leading and most representative journals—have counselled negotiation with Russia as long as negotiation gave the slightest hopes of success. There is, however, a limit to all things, including the patience of the most long-suffering nation. While the negotiations have been protracted by Russia to the very extreme limit of ordinary diplomatic courtesy Japan has, at the same time, seen her steadily strengthening her military position, adding to her already large and powerful fleet in Eastern waters, pouring reinforcements into Manchuria as fast as they could be transported across the continent, concentrating her troops in strong strategic positions, and in every sense more firmly closing her grasp on the whole of the district which she had solemnly promised to evacuate, and everything that she did was believed in Japan to be preparatory to an ultimate march on Korea. The wonder is that Japan, in the face of the continued provocation she has received, has not struck before. Now she may perhaps be driven into striking the first blow; but even if that be so the war will on her part be as purely defensive as any that has ever been waged in history, and will be entered upon by her with the utmost re-

luctance, actuated by no selfish motives of aggression, only as the very last resource for the preservation of what she considers essential to her national safety. No nation can be more anxious for peace, but if guarantees for the future immunity of Korea from
The Nineteenth Century and After.

Russian aggression, more substantial than covenants and treaties, cannot be obtained without war, then war must be undertaken, no matter what its cost, no matter how uncertain its outcome or the terrible wide-world issues it may ultimately involve.
Joseph H. Longford.

THE FAR EAST.

BOOKS ABOUT CHINA, JAPAN, RUSSIA AND KOREA.

It is only natural that there should be at the present moment a large demand for books about the Far East—books new and old,, books dealing with politics, race questions, national resources, manners, religions, and topography. There is perhaps too great a tendency to study politics in preference to topography, manners and customs rather than the inner life of the people. But in order to understand the aims, ideals and hopes of statesmen it is necessary to understand also the people whom they represent. Japanese, indeed all Oriental, are far different from Western ideals, and this must be borne in mind by all those who would grasp the meaning and the probable future of the history that is now being made in the Far East.

The following list of books, with occasional comments, does not pretend to approach completeness, but it is given in the hope that it may prove useful to those of our readers who desire to increase their knowledge of the Far East.

JAPAN.

Historical Development:—

"Japan in Transition," by S. Ramsome. (1899. Harper.) A comparative study of its progress since the war with China; a sound, useful work.
 "Advance, Japan," by J. Morris.

(1895. Allen.) General history and present condition, social and military.

"The New Far East," by Arthur Dósy. (1900. Cassell.) Useful for the understanding of political conditions.

"A History of Japan," by Sir F. O. Adams. (1874. King. 2 vols.)

"The Real Japan," by Henry Norman. (1893. Fisher Unwin.)

"The Story of Japan," by David Murray. (Fisher Unwin.)

"Japan," by Dr. David Murray. (1894. Story of Nations Series. Fisher Unwin.) Only the later chapters are "topical."

"Japan, our New Ally," by A. Stead. (1902. Fisher Unwin.)

"Japan and China: Their History, Arts, Science, Manners, Customs, Laws, Religions, and Literature," by Captain F. Brinkley. (1903-4. To be completed in 12 volumes. T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

"Feudal and Modern Japan," by Arthur May Knapp. (1898. 2 vols. Duckworth.)

"A Maker of the New Japan: The Life of Joseph Hardy Neesima, Founder of Doshisha University, Japan," by Rev. J. D. Davis, D.D., Professor in Doshisha. (Revell.)

"A Maker of the New Orient—Samuel Rollins Brown," by W. E. Griffis. (Revell.)

"What Will Japan Do?" by J. Morris. (1898. Lawrence and Bullen.)

The Japanese Point of View:—

"Japan and the Pacific," by M. Inagaki. (1890. Fisher Unwin.)

Japanese Social Life:

"Things Japanese," by Basil Hall Chamberlain. (1902. Murray.) May be counted as an "essential" book.

"Japanese Homes and their Surroundings," by E. S. Morse. (1888. Sampson Low.) A fascinating book.

"Japanese Girls and Women," by Alice Mabel Bacon. (Gay and Bird.)

"Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan," by Lafcadio Hearn. (1902. Kegan Paul. 2 vols.)

"Kokoro: Japanese Inner Life," by Lafcadio Hearn. (1902. Gay and Bird.)

"Out of the East: Studies in New Japan," by Lafcadio Hearn. (1902. Kegan Paul.)

"Kotto: being Japanese Curios," by Lafcadio Hearn. (1902. Macmillan.) No one can understand Japan and the Japanese who has not read Lafcadio Hearn.

"Queer Things About Japan," by Douglas Sladen. (Second edition, 1904. Treherne.) A picturesque account of Japanese life and manners.

"The Soul of the Far East," by Percival Lowell. (Houghton Mifflin, and Gay and Bird.)

"Unbeaten Tracks in Japan," by Mrs. Bishop. (1900. Newnes. 2 vols.) A brilliant book; a peep into the "interior."

"The Heart of Japan," by C. L. Brownell. (1902. Methuen.) A clever view of Japanese daily life.

"The Evolution of the Japanese, Social and Psychic," by Sidney L. Gulick, M.A. (Revell.)

"Japanese Physical Training," by H. Irving Hancock. (1904. Putnam.) Shows how the system of exercise, diet, and general mode of living has made the Japanese one of the healthiest, strongest and happiest races.

The Art of Japan:—

"The Ideals of the East," by Okakura. (1903. Murray.)

"An Artist's Letters from Japan," by J. La Farge. (1897. Fisher Unwin.) Admirably written; pictures seen with the eye of an artist.

"Japan and its Art," by M. B. Hulsh. (1888. Fine Art Society.) An excellent book in every way.

General Books of Travel:—

"From Far Formosa: The Island, its People and Missions," by George Leslie Mackay, D.D. (New and cheaper edition. Oliphant, Anderson.)

"The Gist of Japan: The Islands and their people," by the Rev. R. B. Peery. (Revell.)

"Japonica," by Sir Edwin Arnold. (1891. Osgood.)

"Seas and Lands," by Sir Edwin Arnold. (1894. Longmans.)

"Japan As We Saw It," by M. Bickersteth. (1893. Sampson Low.)

"Around the World through Japan," by Walter Del Mar. (1903. Black.)

"Gleanings from Japan," by W. G. Dickson. (1889. Blackwood.)

"On the Coasts of Capay and Cipango, Forty Years Ago," by William Blakeney, R.N. (1902. Elliot Stock.)

A record of surveying service; most useful for the understanding of the naval situation. Good charts and maps.

"Lotus Time in Japan," by H. Finck. (1895. Lawrence and Bullen.)

"A Handbook of Modern Japan," by Ernest W. Clement. (1903. McClurg.)

"Handbook for Travellers in Japan," by Basil H. Chamberlain and W. Mason. (1903. Murray.)

Anglo-Japanese Life:

"A Diplomatist's Wife in Japan," by Mrs. Fraser. (1900. Hutchinson. 2 vols.) Very good and informative.

"First American Envoy in Japan," by T. Harris. (1895.) The beginning of the New Japan.

"Eight Years Work and Travel in Japan," by E. G. Holtham. (1883. Kegan Paul.)

"Half-Hours in Japan," by Rev. H. Moore. (1900. Fisher Unwin.)

"Rambles through Japan," by A. Tracy. (1892. Sampson Low.)

"Rambles in Japan," by Canon Tristram. (1895. Religious Tract Society.)

"On Short Leave to Japan," by F. E. Younghusband. (1894. Sampson Low.)

"Three Rolling Stones in Japan," by G. Watson. (1903. Arnold.)

"Japan and Her People," by Anna Hartshorne. (1904. Kegan Paul.)

- "Among the Gentle Japs," by Rev. J. L. Thomas. (1892. Sampson Low.)
 "Verbeck of Japan," by W. E. Griffis. (1900. Revell.)

FICTION.

- "The Stolen Emperor," by Mrs. Hugh Fraser. (1903. Long.)
 "A Japanese Marriage," by Douglas Sladen. (1902. Black.)
 "Kakemonos," by W. C. Dawe. (1897. Lane.)
 "A Sugar Princess," by A. Ross. (1900. Chatto.)
 "Kotaka," by J. Morris. (1885. Wyman.)
 "My Japanese Wife," by C. Holland. (1895. Constable.)
 "Mousmé" (*sequel*), by C. Holland. (1896. Constable.)
 "Wooling of Wistaria," by O. Watanabe. (1903. Harper.)
 "Out in China," by Mrs. Archibald Little. (1903. Treherne.)
 Mrs. Archibald Little tells one of those minor tragic tales which happily are not all tragedy. It begins with a misunderstanding—a case of mistaken identity—which time in conjunction with an Eastern setting nearly succeeds in developing into an unpleasantly familiar type of story of domestic infelicity. We need hardly add that the "local color" is true to fact.
 "Fairy Tales from Far Japan," by Miss Ballard, with Notes by Mrs. Bishop. (Religious Tract Society.)

KOREA.

- "Corea," by Dr. W. E. Griffis. (Allen.) New and revised edition, bringing history up to 1897. A standard chronicle of Korean development. Ancient and mediæval history; political and social life; modern and recent history.
 "Korea and Her Neighbors," by Isabella L. Bird (Mrs. Bishop). (1898. Murray. 2 vols.) A narrative of travel, with an account of the recent vicissitudes and present position of the country. Needs no commendation.
 "Korea and the Sacred White Mountain," by Captain A. E. J. Cavendish. (1894. Philip.) An account of a journey in 1891.

- "Life in Corea," by W. R. Caries. (1888. Macmillan.)
 "Korean Sketches," by the Rev. J. S. Gale. (1898. Oliphant, Anderson.)
 "Corea, or Cho-Sen, the Land of the Morning Calm," by A. H. S. Landor. (1895. Heinemann.)
 "Quaint Korea," by L. J. Miln. (1895. Osgood.)
 "A Forbidden Land," by Ernest Oppert. (1880. Sampson Low.) Corea, with an account of the geography, history, and commercial capabilities of the country.
 "Korea," by Angus Hamilton. (1904. Heinemann.)
 "Every-Day Life in Korea," by the Rev. Daniel L. Gifford. (Revell.)
 "Chosŏn: The Land of the Morning Calm" (Korea), by Percival Lowell. (Houghton Mifflin, and Gay and Bird.)

Books on the Far East (giving valuable statistics and information relative to Korea, Japan, &c.):—

- "The Awakening of the East," by P. L. Beaulieu. (1900. Heinemann.) Siberia (Railway, &c.), Japan, China, &c.
 "The Far Eastern Question," by Valentine Chirol. (1896. Macmillan.)
 "Problems of the Far East," by Lord Curzon. (1896. Constable.) Japan, Corea, and China. Most useful.
 "A Brief History of Eastern Asia," by J. C. Hannah. (1900. Fisher Unwin.)
 "Peoples and Politics of the Far East," by Henry Norman. (1895. Fisher Unwin.) England, France, and Russia in the Far East, with chapters on Corea and Japan. Full of information.
 The Progress of India, Japan, and China in the 19th Century," by Sir Richard Temple. (1902. Chambers.)
 "From Sea to Sea," by Rudyard Kipling. (1900. Macmillan & Co. 2 vols.)
 "The Path of Empire," by George Lynch. (1903. Duckworth.) The author was present at Japan's last naval review, crossed over to Korea, to which he devotes several chapters. His book deals mainly with the Siberian Railway.
 "The Story of Russia," by W. R. Morfill. (Fisher Unwin.)
 "The Russian Advance," by the Hon. Albert J. Beveridge. (Harper.)

A work on the conflict of the various national interests in the Far East. Senator Beveridge has made an extended tour through China, Japan, Siberia, and European Russia, studying people and methods. His observations on the development of Russian and German influence have a significance for traders, and he is unsparing in his criticism of the apparent apathy of both the Anglo-Saxon Powers in relation to the vast political and commercial problems of Asia.

"In the Uttermost East," by Charles H. Hawes. (Harper.)

An account of investigations among the natives and Russian convicts of the Island of Sakhalin, with notes of travel in Korea, Siberia, and Manchuria. The author is the first English traveller to explore the northern interior.

"Asia and Europe," by Meredith Townsend. (New Edition, with an additional chapter. Constable.)

Studies presenting the conclusions formed by the author in a long life devoted to the subject of the relations between Asia and Europe.

"Things Chinese; or, Notes connected with China," by J. Dyer Ball. (1904. Fourth Edition, revised and enlarged. Murray.)

"The Expansion of Russia, 1815-1900," by F. H. Skrine. (C. J. Clay and Sons, Cambridge University Press.)

"The Imperial Russian Navy: Its Past, Present, and Future," by Fred T. Jane. (A new and completely revised edition, 1904. Thacker.)

The Academy.

"The Break-Up of China," by Admiral Lord Charles Beresford. (Harper.) An account of its commerce, currency, waterways, armies, railways, politics, and future prospects.

"China in Transformation," by Archibald Ross Colquhoun. (Harper.)

"The 'Overland' to China," by Archibald Ross Colquhoun. (Harper.)

"China's Only Hope." An appeal by Chang Chih Tung, Viceroy of Liang Hu, with indorsement by the present Emperor. Translated by the Rev. S. I. Woodbridge. Introduction by the Rev. Griffith John, D.D. (Revell.)

"China in Convulsion: The Origin; The Outbreak; The Climax; The Aftermath." A survey of the cause and events of the recent uprising, by Arthur H. Smith. (Revell. 2 vols.)

"Korean Sketches." By the Rev. James S. Gale. (Revell.) A Missionary's observations in the Hermit Nation.

"East of the Barrier, or Sidelights on the Manchuria Mission," by J. Miller Graham. (Oliphant Anderson.) Social habits and national characteristics.

"Stanford's New Map of the Siberian Railway." Scale, 110 miles to an inch. (1904. Stanford.)

"Stanford's Map of Eastern China, Japan, and Korea." Scale, 110 miles to an inch. (1904. Stanford.)

NAPOLEON'S LAST NIECE.

Was it not Emerson who said "The education of a child ought to begin in the childhood of his father and mother"? If this dictum be true, the example of the Empress Catherine and her educational influence must have helped to shape the character and life of the late Princess Mathilde, the youngest born of the Great Napoleon's nieces. Mathilde's mother, Catherine, daughter

of the first King of Wurtemberg, and of Augusta of Brunswick, a niece of George III. of Great Britain, was born and brought up to the age of sixteen at the court of Russia under the eye of the Semiramis of the North, and when that Sovereign had passed away, of her own aunt, the Empress Marie Feodorovna. Regarded by the latter as an adopted daughter, she had the same

books, professors, and general governess, the Countess Benkendorff, as the five Paulovna Grand Duchesses. One of their school room companions was Mlle. Benkendorff, who in the 19th century played a prominent part in European diplomacy as Princess Lieven. Catherine's renown made the woman of strong mind the fashion at the small German courts, where, in her time, it furnished the chief topic of conversation to all the "hochgebornen," and "wohlgebornen" ladies. The last wave of her educational influence on the former class spent itself at Weimar, Stuttgart and Florence in the twenties and the thirties.

Among the semi-German and Russian Princesses over whom this wave passed, the closest imitators, albeit unconsciously, of Catherine were Mathilde Napoleon—to give her the name inscribed on her coffin—and the Princess Lieven. The former, while professing and liking advanced liberalism and avowing herself a rose of the French Revolution, believed in "le bon tyran," and regarded the Napoleonic family as almost divinely appointed to furnish this type of ruler. Her liberalism was of a piece with the humanitarian and libertine philosophy of Voltaire. Catherine of Wurtemberg, Mathilde's mother, a judicious and enlightened woman of many virtues, passed by easy transitions from the cult of the great Empress, under whose wing she had spent a happy childhood, to that of the Great Napoleon. She refused both cults; but while holding up that Emperor as a pattern to her sons, she set before the Princess Mathilde the Russian Empress as her standard of feminine greatness on a throne or the steps of a throne, forgetting that genius is inimitable, and therefore a dangerous example to the young who do not and cannot see this. The Princess Mathilde imbibed from earliest infancy the spirit of Catherine's court. This, working with

her semi-German semi-Corsican blood, formed a strange and in many respects interesting combination.

The Princess Mathilde's father, born in Corsica in 1784, was, I need hardly say, the youngest brother of Napoleon; and when the latter became First Consul was sent into the navy as a step towards bringing round the royalist service to the new order of things. The only marked consequence of this was the American marriage of Jerome, solemnized by the Bishop of Baltimore, and finally declared null by a French court in 1856. Up to that year jurists spoke of the family of Jerome and Catherine of Wurtemberg as being "presumably legitimate," a situation that led them to regard marriage as of no importance, apart from its conventional value. At the Congress of Vienna Talleyrand spoke of the ex-Queen of Westphalia as being a princess worthy of interest—who is "considered the wife of Jerome Bonaparte." Her father, the King of Wurtemberg, hastened to thank Talleyrand, "for thus casting doubts on the legality of the alleged matrimonial tie," and imprisoned Catherine to oblige her to sign a petition for a divorce. He also refused to return to her the jewels she had in her flight from Cassel entrusted to his safe keeping, until she lent herself to proceedings which would "purge her family from the disgrace of being connected with the mountebank who paraded at Wilhelmshohe as King of Westphalia." Catherine remained obdurate, for she loved Jerome, who had amiable and brilliant qualities, and in his misfortunes she forgave him his numerous infidelities. Alexander I., his sisters and mother, and her own stepmother, Charlotte, Princess Royal of England, took her part, and Caroline of Naples, who stayed in Vienna during the Congress, spoke of her as "a heroine whom Marie Louise might do well to imitate." The King of Wur-

temburg, a prototype of that Pantagruel of the nursery rhymers, Roger the Coger, in his rude speech, gluttonous appetite and corpulency, had to give way to this pressure and release Catherine, but still refused to return her jewels, all of which, be it observed, were gifts of Napoleon. They included the matchless pearl necklace in five rows which the Princess Mathilde sometimes wore at the opera, and wore at the fêtes given in 1855 in honor of Queen Victoria's visit to Paris; Napoleon ordered it to mark his joy at his brother's marriage with the niece of his particular foe, the Empress Dowager of Russia. While she continued hostile to him he could not hope to gain the Court of Russia. The situation of a Russian Empress Dowager resembles that of a Valide Sultana.

It gave the Princess Mathilde great pleasure to be drawn out on these and other points of family history which reflected honor on her ancestors. However, she did not think the career of *ma tante, la Reine Caroline*, discreditable. She only treated George IV. as he deserved. Caroline, at different times in Italy, extended hospitality to the ex-King and Queen of Westphalia, and had George III. lived another year, the late Princess would probably have been born at the Villa d'Este, Caroline's residence on the Lake of Como, instead of at the ex-Queen of Naples' place, outside Trieste. Caroline, on her way to England to assert her right to be crowned at Westminster, sent an order to her Italian lawyer to place the villa at the disposal of the Prince and Princess de Montfort, her "dear cousins," and when, after her death, he sold the property, the proceeds were divided between Catherine, her brothers, and the two young Dukes of Brunswick. Mathilde's earliest recollections were of the Lake of Como, and of some portraits by Sir Thomas Lawrence that hung in the Villa d'Este when her fa-

ther and mother stayed there. She used to be taken out for airings in the barge "of Queen Caroline."

Not many years ago a person curious about the small circumstances on which the great events of history so often hinge applied to the Princess Mathilde for information about her parents, childhood and education, and the links that connected her with some of the great reigning families of Europe. She sent M. Poquelin, her very trusted friend, to make a call and converse on the matter, so that she might understand whether it would be in her power to give the explanations asked for. M. Poquelin would have been acknowledged by Mathilde as her second husband had it not been for fear of placing her royal and imperial relatives and their ambassadors in an awkward situation. He had fortune, good manners and discretion, and had made for himself a name as a painter of enamels. His report to the Princess was probably favorable, as she sent an invitation "to lunch without ceremony," and to talk over the matters mentioned in the letter to her. She spoke of her education as being virile in the school-room part, and otherwise extremely housewifely and feminine. Her mother impressed on her that the great Catherine liked to make her own coffee or chocolate, or batter for pancakes, or to boil eggs in a small kitchen that she had arranged for herself at the Hermitage. Little manual occupations relieved the tension of her brain, and had the effect of clearing her thoughts. She felt "more kindly" after her hands had been for some time engaged in little tasks of this sort. Nothing amused her more than to make a trifling culinary experiment. Marie Antoinette borrowed the idea of milking cows and making cream cheese at the Trianon, not from Rousseau, but from the educational course laid down by the Empress Catherine for her granddaughter.

ters. Mathilde spoke of the different Princesses brought up, like herself, according to this programme, as being bound together in the closest friendship, save in one instance, that of the Empress Augusta, who confined her Catherinism to French literary culture. Mathilde had spent her young years among them, and it ever after taxed her patience to have to converse with women who had received frivolous and narrowing convent educations. The death of the late Queen of the Netherlands deprived her of a cousin and friend whom she cherished as a loved sister, and who only needed opportunity to take rank as the first "statesman" of Europe.

In her old age the Princess Mathilde enjoyed, as she said, dusting and airing her far back souvenirs; I should say that more than any other member of her family she idolized the uncle. Yet speaking on the authority of her mother, she found him guilty of a perverse hatred of women of firm character or fine mind. Queen Catherine attributed to this the utter collapse of the first Empire. Napoleon excluded all such women from his Court. The only woman he suffered to have a will of her own—his mother—he kept from early spring to late autumn at Seine Port, and he gave her for winter quarters the Hotel de Monaco, now the residence of the Austrian Ambassador and in her time at the farthest end of the Faubourg St. Germain, which was thought to be hardly in Paris. He sent his two most intellectual sisters to govern States in Italy, where they would be out of his way, but allowed the frivolous Pauline to reside in the Faubourg St. Honoré. The butterflies he drew round Josephine were not less frivolous than she, and only thought how to combine dress with un-dress, and to simper prettily and throw themselves into pretty sentimental poses. If Napoleon divined a mind behind a pret-

ty face, he made the husband feel the weight of his displeasure. The fashion of strumming on the piano came in under the first Empire, to the great detriment of feminine brains. Hortense tinkled on the guitar, and wrote silly, sentimental songs, and made her palace in the Rue Cerretto (now Rue Lafitte) the rendezvous of all the military beaux whom the Emperor suffered to remain in Paris. Napoleon found in Marie Louise a fresh complexion and as great a dunce as he could desire. Not a woman on the Napoleonic side in 1814-15 displayed that virile energy that distinguishes French women above all others in times of difficulty. Those who had wits had been driven to use them in base intrigues, amorous, political or place hunting. The pretty beings who had danced while the tragedy of war went on beyond the ever-widening frontiers rushed after Leipsic and Waterloo towards the Bourbons, with white cockades stuck in their bonnets.

The Princess Mathilde, in reverting to what she had heard in youth from her parents about her great-aunt, Queen Caroline, spoke of her as having become their fast friend after they dropped down to the titular rank of Count and Countess de Montfort. They also received much kindness from an aunt of Queen Victoria, the Grand Duchess Constantine, who had married a Polish doctor, but without avowing her marriage, and lived near Thun. She had a perennially light heart and loved good cheer, laughter, private theatricals and the conversation of persons who had been in the whirlwind of revolution and war. Mathilde kept up an early acquaintance with her in the years in which she spent her summers on the Lake Maggiore, where she often received visits from King Leopold, who had a villa on the Lake of Como. Her taste for water in a landscape—but inland water—no doubt was nurtured

by the scenery of the Italian lakes. It gave in after life an irresistible attraction to the view over the Lake of Enghien, as seen from the old avenue of ancient trees from her park at St. Gratien, ten miles from Paris. The trees to right and left shut out the cockney villas on the edge of the lake.

Queen Caroline, according to the Princess Mathilde, impressed on Jerome Bonaparte and his wife, when she last saw them, the good policy of bringing up their son—there was not yet a daughter—as a Protestant. With her habitual frankness she asked who could tell what luck lay in store for a mangy calf? There was a chance of a Bonaparte, if brought up in that faith, inheriting the crown of England. The ex-Queen of Westphalia had never renounced Luther, and she and her husband agreed in after years that it would be well to give their children the least possible catechetical instruction consistent with remaining on good terms with Madame Mère. They each without any publicity, in a private chapel in Rome, went through the rite of the First Communion, and were then taken to the Papal palace for the Benediction of his Holiness, their mother accompanying them, but “as a Protestant.” Before she went it had been agreed that she was only to pay reverence to the Pope “as a temporal sovereign,” and that he was to receive her as a born Princess who had worn a crown. Mathilde had to prostrate herself, and to kiss the Papal slipper, an act of humility that galled her to the end of her life. The Pope possibly divined her inward revolt and spoke to her paternally on “the sweetness of modesty, humility and faith,” the virtues in which Mary, her celestial patroness, excelled. Plucking up courage she said: “I am not, holy father, called after the Blessed Virgin. My names are Mathilde Lætitia Wilhelmina.” “None the less, my child, you are a

daughter of Mary, who is the mother of every one who has taken the communion.” A look from the ex-Queen prevented Mathilde saying: “If the Virgin takes me for a good Catholic, she is easily satisfied.” This rude little speech she avowed, seventy-three years later, was on the tip of her tongue.

So far as was possible with cramped means, Queen Catherine brought up her daughter according to the educational course laid down by the Empress Catherine, about which I have already spoken. In her old age Mathilde said she could not remember a single instance of a Princess cast in that mould turning out a commonplace woman.

The ex-Queen Catherine still lived when M. Thiers put forward the idea of a marriage between Louis Philippe's eldest son and the Princess Mathilde. Thiers spoke of “the great desirability of that marriage” the first time he went to Florence. He then called on the ex-King of Westphalia to ask him for an account of the Battle of Waterloo, at which Jerome for the first and last time acted with splendid courage and presence of mind, and would have saved his uncle-in-law, the Duke of Brunswick, had he not been too drunk to be rescued by him. Thiers, in the course of his visit, saw Jerome's only daughter, then a remarkably handsome, vital, vigorous young woman, resembling her uncle, and, while of a classical type, sufficiently modern for her style of beauty to lend itself to Parisian modes. Discarding etiquette, Thiers seated himself beside her and talked about the artistic treasures of the Florentine churches and palaces. She spoke with precocious judgment, and with an originality that charmed him and his mother-in-law, Madame Dosne, a good judge in such a matter. “If in three or four years she comes to France as the *fiancée* of the Duc d'Orleans,” wrote Madame Dosne in a burst of enthusiasm to her sister, Madame Charlemagne,

"her youth, beauty, intellect—so natural and yet highly cultivated—her royal rank and Bonaparteian profile, will fuse all parties and unite them round the throne. She is said to have a feeling and a generous heart. But I fear that M. Thiers's dream is too brilliant to come true." And so it was. Louis Philippe wondered where he would find himself, with this niece of Napoleon as the wife of the Prince Royal, and an object of universal idolatry. All the genius and talent of France, he foresaw, would rush towards her. Queen Marie Amélie recoiled from the prospect of her beloved eldest son being mated to the daughter of an upstart dynasty, exiled and fortuneless. Her aversion grew deeper when she heard that the Princess was likely to turn out a Voltairean, and that her clear head had the effect of making her self-willed. To allow her into the royal family seemed to the pious Queen of the French of a piece with letting a kestrel into an aviary. Marie Amélie had set her heart on having an Austrian daughter-in-law, and had fixed on the Archduchess Theresa, a niece of her own. She confided her tribulation to the Austrian Ambassadors, who undertook to be her sympathizing agent at the Court of Vienna. The Archduchess had no captivating points, being short, inelegantly formed, plain, and unamiable, as indeed, she looked. Her devout Catholicism must have been out of place in the capital of a Voltairean nation, such as France then was. Metternich made objections, but, learning of the idea Thiers had been nursing, he yielded rather than witness a revival of the Napoleonic spirit at the Tuilleries. The Duc d'Orleans and his brother the Duc de Nemours went on a courting tour to Berlin and Vienna. The Austrian Court received them more graciously than might have been expected, and the marriage was "in principle"

agreed to. But the narrow escape that Louis Philippe and his five sons had of being massacred by an infernal machine at a review of the National Guard alarmed the Austrian Court. Instead of coming to Paris as the *fiancée* of the heir to the crown, the plain little Archduchess went to Naples to marry Ferdinand II., and became the proverbially bad stepmother of Francis II. Mathilde's family rejoiced, and hoped that the scheme of Thiers would succeed. The French statesman encouraged them to take heart, and the following year went to Stuttgart, where Mathilde then stayed, to study her more fully, and again reported to Louis Philippe in her favor, expressing as he did so his conviction that she would throw additional lustre on the royal family and the throne should she ever be called to share it with the Duc d'Orleans. But that was not to be. The Queen of the French preferred to the niece of Bonaparte, whom she remembered as the scourge of her family, a German Princess, though a Protestant and determined not to barter her religion for one of the greatest positions in Europe. The Duc d'Orleans married Helena of Mecklenburg in May, 1837, and Mathilde learned of the wedding at the Court of Stuttgart, whither she had gone on the morrow of Queen Catherine's death to finish her education with her cousins, the Princesses Sophia and Pauline, daughters of the King of Wurtemberg, and great-granddaughters of Catherine II. M. Mohl, the savant Orientalist, directed their studies according to the rules laid down by Catherine II. His three pupils gave him every satisfaction. All three were bright, brainy, and gifted in no ordinary degree with good looks. They had very different lots. Sophia became the unhappy wife of William III., King of the Netherlands; her sister married for love a Count Neipperg, and Mathilde went through life as a *femme seule*, who was

not for nothing the great-niece of Caroline of Brunswick, but had a sense of *tenue* which nature entirely denied to Caroline, and sad experience never gave her.

The observant Countess of Granville gave in her letters from Stuttgart—I forget in what year—a sketch of the Princess Mathilde. Lady Granville was withheld by prudence from naming her; but the portrait is too good for the subject not to be identified. At the time the Countess sketched it the Grand Duchess Helena, *née* of Wurtemberg, a niece of Queen Catherine, and a lady illustrious by her talents and general excellence, held out the hope that she might bring the Emperor Nicholas to choose Mathilde for his senior daughter-in-law. The Czarewitch Alexander had fallen into a state of black melancholy. He abhorred the thought of marriage, and cast from him the portraits of the different German Princesses which the Emperor had asked his aunt Helena to show him. But he greatly admired a miniature she had received from Stuttgart of the Princess Mathilde, and gloomily remarked how unfortunate it was that she should be a Bonaparte and a Catholic. The least repugnant of the German princesses to Alexander was the Princess Alexandrine of Baden, now senior Duchess Dowager of Saxe-Coburg Gotha. Still he could not reconcile himself to the idea of marrying her unless he first saw her and thought better of her appearance. Nicholas, privately informed of his son's admiration for the Princess Mathilde's likeness, decided that he should go on a tour round Europe and in the course of it visit different Courts—those of Saxe-Altenburg, Prussia, Hesse Cassel, Baden, and lastly the Court of Wurtemberg. On his way from Frankfort to Carlsruhe he had a fancy to stop at Hesse Darmstadt, not in the least intending to look there for a wife, and

accidentally saw the only daughter of the Grand Duke in the hall, fell violently in love with her, and asked his father to consent to his marrying her. As the Grand Duke always treated her as the daughter of somebody else, it was not all plain sailing for the Czarewitch. But he felt so enamored that he did not see the use of going on to Stuttgart; and so Mathilde lost her second chance of wearing a crown. The Princess of Orange did what she could to bring her into the Royal Family of the Netherlands, by lauding her beauty and brilliant parts to the Princes Alexander, Henry and Nicholas, her brothers-in-law. But their family pride held them back. Alexander and Nicholas had been in turn suitors of Queen Victoria. The descent from courting her to proposing for Jerome Bonaparte's daughter appeared to them like a step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Prince Henry's pride kept him aloof.

These matrimonial failures rendered the situation of the Princess Mathilde at the Court of Stuttgart less happy than it had been when there seemed a prospect of her becoming Queen of the French. She described her situation as that of an animal brought to a fair to be sold but found to be unsaleable, at any rate at a high price. Had she not had a strong head, the adulation she met with when it was whispered that her likeness had disposed the Czarewitch favorably towards her must have turned it.

The news of his sudden attachment for the Hesse Darmstadt Cinderella made the thermometer fall below freezing-point in a few hours, and I could overhear myself spoken of as *Mademoiselle Bonaparte*. It seemed to me as if after all I must fall back on my cousin Louis, whom I always liked but never loved, for he seemed to me a bloodless turnip. Hearing myself called *Mademoiselle Bonaparte* roused my pride and a combative spirit, and I

thought sometimes just for spite that I should like to clinch the name they gave me in becoming Madame Bonaparte. My cousin, a weak, amiable, mooning young man, sluggish as a Dutch canal, had not any of the qualities that a Pretender ought to have, and his readiness to run into debt militated against him in my eyes. But for the revolution of 1848 he could never have come to anything; and then his weakness of character became a cause of strength. All the daring men about him saw in him their future tool, and thought, and not without good grounds, that in pushing him on they would make their own fortunes. They formed a sort of joint stock company of which they made him chairman. He allowed them to hope, but his taciturnity and quiet obstinacy preserved him from falling so completely into their hands as they had hoped. I had an intuition of his ultimate failure from the hour in which I saw him in Florence on my return from Stuttgart. But my family wanted the marriage, and I felt spiteful, and so became engaged to him; but when I found how listless and fond of luxury he was, and of everything that money alone can give, I withdrew my promise. I could have stood by his side to be shot, but I could not endure the prospect of having to share with him a debtor's prison, and I told him so as we walked into the grounds of my aunt Caroline's place (Caroline Murat), looking down on the Adriatic. He wept, and reproached me with hardness of heart. I had an extremely soft heart, and could have endured privations for his sake had he had the fibre of a stoic; but his mother, who had only thought of music, dancing, and amorous affairs, had brought him up to trust in his star and follow his propensities.

Mathilde had a vein of German sentiment, but not deep enough to sweeten love in a cottage. She preferred love in a palace, where she could dispense hospitality in a grand and generous way to distinguished, amiable and cultivated men of name and fame. Her

extreme sociability, her openness of hand and goodness of heart, would have made the pinch of poverty unendurable. Her father at this time knew not how to clear off the load of debt that weighed upon him, and she needed all her firmness of character to relieve him by selling that relic of family greatness, the five-row pearl necklace which she inherited from her mother, and which she knew had not its match perhaps in the world. The Archduke Renier I. wanted to buy it for his daughter Adelaide, the future Duchess of Savoy, and the Grand Duchess Helena would have given any price that might have been asked for it. At this juncture a Russian of untold wealth and proportionate vanity, Prince Anatole Demidoff, Prince, by the Grand Duke of Tuscany's creation, of San Donato outside Florence, where he had a museum villa, presented himself as a suitor. The first time he presented himself to the Princess Mathilde he mentioned, to flatter, doubtless, her pride, which he may have suspected had met with many rubs, that he had been attached to the special embassy sent by the Czar "to the coronation of your Highness's cousin, Queen Victoria," a reminder of her rank that pleased her. This suitor aspired to be connected with the Guelphs, Wurtemburgs, and Dutch Nassaus. What barbarian is so vain as the gilded Russian? He comes to Paris, not to study but to earn a name for *chic* by plunging into the dissipations of the inner and outer Boulevards and the gambling clubs, "open" and aristocratically "closed." The ex-King of Westphalia took advantage of the suitor's ambition to attach himself as a connection to the reigning caste, stipulated for all the advantages the Russian law can give to a widow, and secured an extravagant allowance for pin-money and "charities," under which head the Princess would have ample means to help

her father and brother, who both hung on to her until Louis Napoleon made his *coup d'état* and lifted them to Imperial rank and fortune. The glory of the paraphernalia spread to all the Courts of Europe. They might have worthily figured in a regalia, and the *parures* had been designed to cast into relief the imperial beauty of the young princess. The late Lord Holland, who knew her in Florence, spoke of her as a true daughter of Cæsar, modernized, and apparently born to a great and glorious destiny. The wedding took place at Florence, and excited, as well it might, the suspicious attention of Louis Philippe, who feared, and with reason, that "Anatole Demidoff would find the fulcrum of Archimedes for Bonapartist agitators. It was Thiers's turn to say, "What did I tell you? If you had only taken my advice!"

The Emperor Nicholas had of course to be respectfully apprised at an early stage of the projected marriage. He neither liked the Bonapartes nor the Demidoffs, but he disliked still more Louis Philippe, about whose objections he had heard, and of whose scheme to create a kingdom in Bulgaria for the Prince de Joinville he knew. Nicholas, in common with monarchs whom the greatness of their power raises beyond humanity's reach, had become clannish. He loved most of his German connections, but most of all the Hohenzollerns and Wurtemburgs, and he had already instructed his Minister at Stuttgart to prepare the way for a marriage between his daughter, the Grand Duchess Olga, and the Crown Prince. Louis Philippe had his reasons for intriguing against this matrimonial plan, and allowed his hostility to be seen through. All this favored the Princess Mathilde at the Winter Palace. The Czar sent her his most gracious congratulations, and when she went to Russia the prestige of Court favor enhanced the effect of her youth, beauty, magnificence, tal-

ents, and originality of birth and name. The Russians know nothing about *hochgebornen* or *wohlgebornen* prejudice. They bow before those whom the Czar is pleased to honor, and especially when they are thickly gilded and can cover their wives with pearls and diamonds.

The Grand Duchess Helena took an almost maternal interest in the bride and acted as her society godmother. She, too, had illimitable wealth, and it was said that in spending it with a lavish hand she managed not to throw away a single rouble. Russians called her Palace *L'Institut*, after the Institute of France, and her drawing-room *L'Académie*, after the French Academy. She patronized with Imperial dignity and motherly kindness authors, artists, and scientific men. Remarkably handsome, and made on an ample pattern, she looked a woman of intellect and breeding, illumined and warmed by a generous spirit. Whatever concerned humanity interested her. She well understood the poor, the weak, the noble sides of the Czar Nicholas I., and talked him round as nobody else could towards mercy and liberality. Mathilde loved, admired and wished to imitate her. A false position prevented her being a worthy *émule*.

Mathilde found the atmosphere of the Russian Court and Society uncongenial. Her brain had been fed on Napoleonic history; Napoleon's funeral had called into play her fervid love of his memory. She wanted to live in Paris and to have a key for the vault where he lay in the Church of the Invalides, so that she could take flowers there and meditate on his extraordinary career, which fired her imagination whenever she read about him. Demidoff took her to Paris, where she found her friend M. Thiers, who had become the regular correspondent of her father, in opposition to and bent on demolishing M. Guizot, though the bourgeois monarchy were to be dragged down with him. The

Princess Anatole Demidoff became the star of the Italian Opera House, then more fashionable than the opera, and of Madame Thiers's *salon*. She avowed a preference for Liberal society, sympathized with the Duchess d'Orleans—whom the Queen of the French looked upon as perverted by pride of intellect and as nurturing an ambition to come in by the favor of the Liberals to the office of Regent—against the Duc de Nemours. As a friend of M. Thiers the Princess Mathilde gave umbrage to the Princess Lieven, a she Ahithophel, and the wife in all but a legal sense of M. Guizot, for she could not bring herself to exchange her euphonious title for the name of Madame Guizot. The Princess Lieven by her machinations aroused the jealousy of Prince Anatole Demidoff and sowed disunion between him and his brilliant young wife. She manœuvred so as to bring Nicholas to order him and Mathilde to return to Florence, and be far away from those poets, painters, sculptors, orators and historians in whose compliments and conversation she revelled. She refused to go back. Her brother Prince Napoleon did not mind talking to his friends and hers about the *voies de fait* to which Demidoff resorted to render her more docile. But she kept on this subject, and to the end, the silence of the grave. Madame de Lieven worked so dexterously and secretly that her malignant influence only came to light after her death. The *voies de fait*, or assault and battery, obliged the much-admired niece of Napoleon to seek relief. But she had a difficult card to play. A divorce granted in Russia would deprive her of the benefits of her marriage settlement and reduce her to poverty. M. Thiers, who saw the hand of the Princess Lieven in many things of which Mathilde apprised him, advised her to state her case in writing to the Grand Duchess Helena. Her

letters might be sent through a private channel to the Princess of Orange, who could post them at the Hague. Thiers had seen the Grand Duchess at Baden, and she spoke with maternal kindness of Mathilde, but seemed alarmed at the prospect of a collision between her and Madame Lieven. Her husband's people and her own—the Benkendorffs—were entrenched as in a citadel at the Winter Palace, and had the ear of the Emperor, and the Princess herself sent a news letter once a week to the Empress dealing with Court and other gossip and French home and foreign politics. The Empress read them to the Emperor, whom they vastly amused and interested. Naturally the Grand Duchess would not thrust her hand into such a wasps' nest as the Lieven-Benkendorff connection formed. But she could not help receiving a few letters from Mathilde asking her to lay her grievances before an Emperor so chivalrous, so imbued with a sense of what he owed to his own blood, and so just in all his judgments. She might speak of the decline of M. Guizot in public esteem, and of the impossibility of Louis Philippe keeping him in office against the rising tide of his unpopularity. Mathilde might speak of M. Thiers as the coming head of the Government and as extremely well disposed for concerted action with Russia in European affairs. If Nicholas could be persuaded to take this view, the influence of Madame de Lieven would fall away. The Emperor liked her, no doubt, as the early companion of himself and his sisters. But he attached most value to her as a singularly well informed diplomatic agent. As she had no heart, he knew that sentiment never led away her judgment.

But it may be asked, was not Mathilde to write to the Grand Duchess and not to Nicholas? True. But Nicholas had a *cabinet noir* at the post-office, where all letters to leading personages

underwent examination. The director of that section sent to the Emperor all letters that concerned members of his family, or that would be of particular interest to himself. Those suggested by Thiers would certainly be sent to him before delivery to the Grand Duchess. He would therefore be apprised in direct, clear, heartfelt and familiar terms with the case of the writer against her tyrannical husband. The Grand Duchess probably would write to her cousin to regret the impossibility of interfering. But this would not matter.

Mathilde acted on this advice, and the letters the Princess of Orange sent on to her aunt Helena passed as had been foreseen. Mathilde went to Russia before the impression of her correspondence on Nicholas had had time to wear off, and alighted at the Michael Palace, where Helena resided. As the two ladies sat talking about a personal appeal the Princess spoke of making to the Czar, Nicholas, who knew of her arrival, entered. When he saw her shrinking back, as if from fear, he stretched out his arms and in his kindest manner said, "Will not my cousin allow me to embrace her?" She advanced towards him and he clasped her in his arms, told her that he had heard of her sad situation, and asked her how he could help her. He had a head for administrative details, and he summoned to him a former *maitre d'hotel* of a Russian Ambassador to the Court of Charles X., Count Pozzo di Borgo, to ascertain the annual expense of living in Paris in noble style, worthy of a cousin of the Emperor. The Princess had told him of her wish to live in Paris, where she could be of more service to his Imperial Majesty than in any other capital. If she went to reside there she would continue to surround herself with intellectual men and do her best to dissipate the misunderstanding that kept France and Russia

apart, a misunderstanding that she thought harder to explain away on the French than on the Russian side.

This exactly suited Nicholas. He ordered Prince Anatole to allow his wife 500,000 roubles annually, to leave her the paraphernalia he had given her, with a villa in Italy, just as it then stood, of which, together with the furniture, paintings and other *objets d'art*, she should have the absolute ownership. As she had had reason to complain of his violent temper and inebriety, the Emperor condemned him not to come nearer than 300 leagues to her place of residence, but he subsequently relaxed this condition.

I have not space to deal at any length with the part Mathilde played between her return to Paris, to live there on an independent footing, and the *coup d'état*. Her Liberal friends could not obtain for her the repeal of the law which exiled the Bonapartes in favor of her father and brother, but they so weighed on Louis Philippe that he gave both leave to stay during his pleasure in Paris. The two Jeromes preyed on her. She allowed the ex-King of Westphalia 50,000 francs a year, but he frequently came to ask her to pay his debts. He had married a Florentine baroness, but not according to the rules of the French code. She had a jointure of 30,000 francs, which her husband appropriated. Her stepdaughter could not find in her an intellectual companion, but valued her for her genuine qualities, and thought her birth and education gave her a right to be treated as a close connection. This lady did the honors at Jerome's table after he became Governor of the Invalides, and lived with him for years after. Prince Napoleon, helped by a Corsican doctor, entered into a foul conspiracy to bring his father to get rid of her, and succeeded. He had been moved by rapacity. The father had enjoyed an enormous donation from the

beginning of 1852 as brother of Napoleon, and had retained the lucrative sinecure of Governor of the Invalides. He grew avaricious in old age and saved quite a large fortune in some years. Prince Napoleon feared that if the Baroness, when the elder Jerome died, obtained of the Emperor the legalization of the Florentine marriage, a large part of the paternal fortune would go to her. Her simplicity of character prevented her making a noise about her horrible wrongs, and persons set on by her stepson advised her to say nothing, as the publication of the Corsican doctor's declaration would deprive her of the esteem of her friends. Most of the savings had been invested in bonds to bearer. Prince Napoleon laid his hands on the strong box while his father lay ill unto death, and thus succeeded in cheating the Princess Mathilde of her share of the fortune. She, however, came into her half of the scrip, shares, and a large farm and chateau at Villegenis, which the Emperor gave his uncle for a residence for themorganatic wife. Mathilde hastened to remit what she received from the liquidator of the estate to the Florentine baroness, whose grandsons stand high in Italian politics. Had not this niece of Napoleon been the most generous of women she could not have forgiven her brother's shameful conduct. She said he was a horrible *canaille*, but that he was related in the same degree as herself to the uncle, and resembled him more than any other member of the family. He had many good qualities when avarice did not come into play, and he had Napoleonic genius. If he robbed her, he behaved with scrupulous honesty in all other money matters, and no one could lay to his charge a single attempt to rig the Bourse or a single instance of giving tips to speculators in rente. His bad qualities she thought due to an ugly Wurtemberg-Brunswick cross-

grain. So far as it went, it spoiled his Napoleonic nature and deprived him of a sense of decency.

Mathilde's wealth aided Louis Napoleon to accomplish his *coup d'état* scheme. If she had believed in the durability of the empire she might have divorced Demidoff and made the Emperor marry her against the will of the clerical party, which had carried him on in his career of usurpation. She chaperoned Mlle. de Montijo when the latter went to stay during her engagement at the Elysée, but with no good grace, for she foresaw what would come of her reign and that of the long-suffering, undecided man whose brain lay wrapped in a fog. After the *coup d'état* Mathilde's friendship with Thiers fell to freezing point.

Mathilde only went to Court when she could not stay away without giving offence. To be seen there and to be able to obtain favors of the Emperor, who never ceased to be fond of her, enabled her to live her own life without losing caste. She had at Fontainebleau the suite of rooms known as Madame de Maintenon's, and assigned by Louis Philippe to the Duc and Duchesse d'Orleans. The Crimean War, which she attributed to the Empress and the party behind her, placed Mathilde in a ticklish situation. Not only had she a grateful remembrance of the service Nicholas did her, but she knew that the Demidoff annuity depended on his good will. She expatiated in her *salon* before familiars of the Emperor—certain to repeat what she said—on the risks that must attend a war with so great a power as Russia, which could afford to be beaten time after time, and however often would be always ready to begin again. And about what? The keys of the Holy Sepulchre. Did the Pope and Circe rule France? She saw on every side, and in high places, a wallowing in base enjoyments, and an affectation of religion. The sound pol-

icy would be to come to an understanding with Nicholas on points which he took to heart, and to prepare for a closer friendship with his thoroughly well-meaning and honorable heir. The Princess wrote to Nicholas to express her deep grief at the turn events had taken, and to assure him of her attachment. So far as her situation allowed she had defended his policy, for she had no doubt of the uprightness of his motives. She hoped she would have other opportunities to vindicate these motives and to merit the peacemaker's blessing.

When the Emperor of the French expected Queen Victoria in Paris, his cousin begged him as a great favor to *command* in imperative terms her attendance at Saint Cloud and at the fêtes he intended to give in Victoria's honor. Mathilde showed the autograph letter this drew from the Emperor to the Ministers of Wurtemberg and the Netherlands, and allowed them to send copies confidentially to Queen Olga at Stuttgart and to the Queen of the Netherlands. They both, she knew, would write about the Emperor's letter to their relatives at St. Petersburg. Old Jerome claimed, as ex-King of Westphalia, precedence of the Prince Consort, and when his nephew refused to let him have it sulked and declared his intention to stay at home throughout the course of the expected royal visit. When the public noticed his absence he found means to have his reasons published. Mathilde kept her Russian annuity, and managed to remain on tolerably good terms with the Empress Eugénie.

Mathilde's situation could not be otherwise than false. Raffish ladies about the Empress, with a veneer of religious devotion, could not forget that she was separated from her husband. She could not dream of obtaining a divorce, and if divorced the objection to her would be still greater, as the Em-

press refused to hear of a divorce law, at once for personal reasons and from Catholic belief. Benefiting largely by the *coup d'état*, Mathilde could not be consistently liberal, or the flower of the Revolution she called herself. She respected every social etiquette because she thus taught respect for herself as a member of a reigning family, but she disregarded them to satisfy a genuinely sentimental disposition that made her crave for more intimate companionship than she could have without breaches of the social law. She wanted to serve God and mammon; to play the part of an Aspasia in the heavy atmosphere of Imperial France and without a Pericles at her side. Her fervent admiration and cult of Napoleon, and that fear of a quarrel with the Empress which made her lead conversation at her table towards novels, plays, theatrical gossip, the Salon, and her authoritative temper, drove from her the great historians and journalists. Those clever men that gathered round her found that safety lay in the sort of chaff or *blague* that exuded on the stage in the Bouffe Opera, and in literature in Ludovic Halévy's libretti and novels. Among her guests one might see Arsène Houssaye, who might have worthily filled the post of historiographer to Cleopatra, and Imbert Saint Amand, a foreign office official, under the Empire, and since then a biographer in a Winterhalter style—that is to say, an outrageous flatterer of princesses, queens, and empresses. Both imitated Brantome, and one chose to portray high-flying *femmes galantes* or *Reines de la main gauche*, and the other *les vraies Reines*. She "tamed" for a time Edmond About, the most brilliant writer of Imperial France, and the author of a delightfully witty volume, "*La Question Romaine*," which came out in 1860. For Sainte Beuve, the critic, she obtained a seat in the Senate, which brought him 30,000 francs a year. He

had a very great name, and he of course thought he did the Senate too much honor in entering it as a member. He first accepted an invitation from her in 1861, soon after the Emperor extended the rights of the Chamber of Deputies to control more fully the budget, and to discuss the address. Sainte Beuve believed the Princess as liberal as she fancied herself. She went to see his small house in a far-off part of Paris, and sent a spicy and very charming sketch of it to a literary friend, which found its way into the papers. Other visits followed. Had Demidoff had the grace to die she would have no more hesitated then to marry Sainte Beuve than she did fourteen years later to marry the artist Poquelin. The friendship lasted eight years, and the Princess often came to take *la fortune du pot* at lunch. She attended the critic with all the humility and care of a sister of charity in his illnesses. When he went to take the waters at Vichy, she came daily to add to his bachelor's *ménage*, a timepiece that kept time, a new lamp, a carpet, a sheepskin rug to set before his desk, an ink bottle that would not spill the ink if upset, an elder-down coverlet for his bed. She wrote to him a political profession of faith which threw him off his guard as a Senator: "As I cannot boast of noble ancestors, none of my relations were guillotined. And so, I know nothing about the furies of the Revolution, only about its roses. I can therefore love it, understand it, and I do earnestly desire that all Frenchmen shall learn to feel its grandeur."

Sainte Beuve imagined that he could without offending the Princess attend her brother's Good Friday banquets—at which, the Catholic press declared, *double gras* figured in the *menu*—sit next to Renan, and congratulate him on having published a book which the bishop of Poitiers denounced as blasphemous. Soon after, Sainte Beuve

spoke in the Senate on liberty of conscience, in connection with the refusal of the Minister of Public Instruction to restore him to his chair at the College of France, and with the interdiction of his works at railway book-stalls. Sainte Beuve accentuated his speech by resigning his excellent literary post on the semi-official *Constitutionnel* and going over to the *Temps*, an opposition paper. The Empress had longed to quarrel with Mathilde, and Sainte Beuve's goings on furnished the opportunity. She saw, or affected to see, that he talked at her (the Empress) in the Senate, and that perhaps he ate the *double gras* to vex her and to please Mathilde and her free-thinking clique. Mathilde had a hasty and impetuous temper and drove at once to her friend's house. He lay exhausted on a sofa, the exertion of the debate in the Senate having been too much for him. The scene that followed the entrance of the princess nearly killed him, and she went away, slamming the doors. The Empress, at the next Court ball, allowed Mathilde to take her usual place and precedence, but did not open her lips to her the whole evening. Mathilde kept her mouth firmly set, and with hands clasped on her knees continued to sit beside the Empress and to roll her thumbs round each other. As the circle broke up and the Empress retired to her own rooms, the Princess heaved a sigh, and turning round to the Baron Feullet de Conches, exclaimed, "*La Bécasse.*" *Bécasse* means a woodcock, and is a slang name for an obstinately stupid woman.

I can imagine the Princess Mathilde in a regular position, acting a noble part, rising far above the most illustrious women of her caste, and leaving a great mark in French history. She had rare generosity and a very fine mind, and her practical good sense gave a useful direction to her idealism. She liked to give a helping hand to strug-

gling men of talent, and she overflowed with kindness to her servants, poor neighbors in the country, dogs, birds and god-children. Her tastes seem to be Italian, with a German tincture. She liked trenchant colors in painting, and hardly felt the sober beauties and grays to which French painters are now so sensitive. In literature she remained devoted to Dante, Tasso, Shakespeare, Chateaubriand, and had an old weakness for "Corinne." But she could enjoy Renan and Sainte Beuve's Monday essays. Of modern French lyrics she preferred Victor Hugo. The Goncourts she took by the hand early in the sixties, and they remained her cherished friends for the rest of their lives. When Edmond suffered from the nervous disease of which he died she often took him on long visits to her *chateau* and supported him herself as he tried to walk in her garden. She had the satisfaction of witnessing the triumph of their dramatized works. In 1868 she succeeded in getting one of them, "Henriette

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Maréchal," brought out at the Franciscans, but the cabal of Quartier Students against it grew so stormy that it had to be withdrawn. They hooted it because they had heard how the Princess Mathilde had patronized it. The clamoring students, mostly Republicans, could not see what business the Emperor's cousin had to meddle with the affairs of the Republic of letters.

There is, from frequent intermarriage, a persistency of type in royal families that one seldom sees elsewhere. Traits of character similar to those Baron Stockmar and others observed in the Princess Charlotte, and in other members of the Guelph family, often appeared in the Princess Mathilde. She owed her head to the Bonapartes, and the emotional side of her nature and her extreme frankness to the Brunswicks. She might have achieved for the Second Empire what Caroline of Anspach accomplished for the Hanoverian dynasty with Sir Robert Walpole's help.

Ivanovich.

"SET ON EDGE."

II.

Oh, East is East, and West is West,
and never the twain shall meet
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at
God's great Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West,
Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to
face, tho' they come from the ends
of the Earth!

Kipling.

"Accursed one! Again he hath
escaped us! But, Sahib, he is sore
stricken, and in very truth he is the
father of many bulls. In all the jungle

there is none, I trow, mightier than
he."

"We must follow him up once more."

"Have patience, Sahib. Suffer him
to grow stiff, for the two bullets with-
in him will do their work, and later
we may slay him with ease, ordering
all things with decency and to our con-
venience."

"No, Mir Akhbar, he has flouted us
twice. I will give him no more time
lest he escape. I shall follow him.
Say, wilt thou come with me, or wilt
thou wait here with these jungle-
folk?"

The young Muhammadan looked his

officer frankly in the eyes. "I follow withersoever thou leadest, Sahib," he said, simply.

They were splendid specimens of the races that had bred them, this young Englishman and the Punjaubi Muhammadan at his side. The former, Philip Barry, was a subaltern in a native cavalry regiment, trim, smart, lithe, active, lean, with the clear, quick eye, and the nervous, obedient hand which go to the making of the "good all-round man" in the British world of sport. He stood about five foot eleven inches, and his wiry build made him look taller than he was. He had not yet been long enough in the East to have lost the ruddy hue of his skin above the slanting line which marked the angle of his forage-cap. His eyes were blue, his hair crisp and inclined to curl. His small head was poised lightly on his shoulders—not the head of a scholar or a statesman, but the face was that of the man of action, resolute, plucky, alert, venturesome.

The young Muhammadan at his side was a private in Barry's troop, a man whose love of sport had first attracted the notice of the Englishman. His dark hair was cut short, and now that the soldier was in mufti, was surmounted by a round velvet cap. He was clothed in stained khaki which had seen much service in the jungle. His face was clean shaven, save for a black moustache. His eyes were large, lustrous, and at times very soft; his features were clean-cut and handsome; his tall, erect figure had about it an air of activity that resembled that of a wild cat. Courage, impetuosity, dash, a keen eye for the beauty of many women, a love of all manly things, and an arrogant pride of race, these were the qualities, the qualities of the fighting Muhammadan of India, which might be read in the face and carriage of this young native soldier.

He turned now to the headman of the little hill village whose men had been called out to beat for Barry, and he spoke to the old, gray-bearded countryman, much as he might have spoken to a dog.

"My Sahib and I go forward now to track this wounded gaur," he said. "Thy folk have climbed down from the trees, into which, like the apes that bred them, they hurried when danger threatened. Will any of the pig-men come onward with me and my Sahib?"

The headman, cringing before the youngster, broke forth into profuse apologies and explanations. His men were very weary, he said, they had thoughtlessly neglected to eat their morning rice. If they went forward now on the track of the wounded buffalo, they would surely faint by the way, thus bringing disgrace upon their hamlet, and arousing the righteous wrath of the Sahib yonder, and of the heaven-born warrior who was as a father and a mother to those so worthless . . .

The old man's fluent excuses were cut short at this point by the trooper, who uttered a coarse phrase in the vernacular, and then turned to Barry.

"Jackals, Sahib, jackals," he said, indicating the abashed villagers with a graceful gesture of arm and hand. "They hunt not for pleasure, but for food, and they follow mightier folk that they may gather their leavings. When danger be a-foot they scuttle to their lairs. So be it, Sahib. What need have we of these low-caste animals? Let us go forward alone, we two."

"Come," said Barry, who had been listening to the talk, most of which was unintelligible to him, with growing impatience. "We must get him this time, Mir Akhbar."

The youngsters walked quickly to the edge of the grazing-ground in which they had been standing, and entered the jungle which enclosed it. A

few minutes earlier they had seen the big gaur, a splendid specimen of the great wild buffalo of India, bolt headlong into these thickets, and the path that at first they followed was that which the vast bulk of the brute had torn and crushed for itself through the broken underwood. On either hand the bruised boughs and twigs oozed sap which formed in slow drops; in places clusters of leaves were still very gradually raising themselves from the ground to which they had been crushed violently; the air was heavy with resinous scents. After scrambling, during some minutes, along this furrow in the greenery, which the big beast had ploughed for itself, Barry and Mir Akhbar came out on to a game-path, a mere ribbon of russet colored track, winding in and out between the boles of huge trees. The carpet of sodden leaves revealed the slot of the gaur, and here and there a fleck of scarlet on earth or leaf bore witness to the bullets which had been planted in him. Overhead the boughs met, forming a kind of tunnel through the woodland, a place of perpetual dusk, uncertain and mysterious. The air was dank and heavy; all things were moist and clammy to the touch; a hushed stillness, as of intense expectancy pervaded the gloom. The men moved forward slowly and with infinite caution.

The path led presently into a tiny oasis of sparser growths, and Barry, halting at its edge, glanced over his shoulder, and whispered a word or two to his companion. "See," he said. "He has yet much life in him. Look, his tracks run on and on yonder." He pointed to the slot ahead, which was visible for many yards. Mir Akhbar standing on tip-toe, peeped at the spoor, over Barry's shoulder, and at that instant the melancholy silence of the jungle was broken rudely.

The noise seemed to leap out of the

stillness, full-formed and monstrous, a great volume of sound which had for its abrupt beginning no gradual crescendo. It was close at hand, a mighty crashing and rending, through which vast hoofs thundered their drum-beat. It was bewildering, seeming to approach from every side at once. It was upon the men, overwhelming them, almost before they had realized that it had reached their sense of hearing. For the fraction of a second Barry stood gripping his rifle, and staring into the eyes of his comrade, while hosts of trivial irrelevant thoughts crowded through his mind. He turned about with the quickness of a startled man, and a cry from Mir Akhbar sent him whirling back again into his old position. Then he was aware of a bulky shadow tearing through the jungle from behind. It came with the speed of a flash of light, a hunched mass of heaving gray-black shoulders, from which two long, sharp horns projected like a brace of sickles, the whole propelled at a furious pace by galloping limbs and hoofs that thundered.

The thing was seen for a moment, with something of the instantaneous distinctness with which an object is revealed by a lightning flash ere the blind darkness swallows it again. Barry saw the monster as it charged Mir Akhbar; he saw the Punjaubi leap to one side; he saw him slip and fall prostrate; he saw the gaur whirl by, missing him by a hair's breadth; he saw the brushwood sway and duck as the monster passed into it and vanished; and then, and only then, did the power to move and think return to him.

A second later he had leaped to Mir Akhbar's side, and stood straddle-legged above him, gazing at the spot where the gaur had disappeared. The noise of the brute's rush diminished as quickly as it had begun. A loud snort followed, then a cracking and groaning

of broken boughs as the beast wheeled about, and in an instant was once more charging furiously. Barry, aware now of the direction from which destruction menaced him, stood, crouching slightly, peering through the tangle of living greenery. Again he saw that vast, shadowy form, growing momentarily more distinct, more appalling, heaving through the gloom, and spurning the brushwood with tremendous force; again the tumult of its onslaught deafened him. He saw certain death rushing towards him, awful, inexorable. Dimly he was conscious that Mir Akhbar crept away, with awkward sprawlings, in the direction of his rifle, but his every faculty was centred in that charging enemy. It filled the world for him. He was alone with it, all the universe standing at gaze, holding its breath, awaiting the catastrophe. An incredibly short space of time had elapsed since the gaur, which had doubled back upon its spoor, as wounded buffaloes will, and had been lurking in concealment, waiting for its pursuers, first began its charge; yet the instants had been so crowded with impressions and emotions, had been so strenuous, so intense, that to Barry time had lost its meaning. It was a measure by which these minutes could not be gauged then or later.

As the bull approached Barry fired once—twice. He heard the bullets tell loudly through the clangs of the reports; a thick cloud-bank of smoke hung low before his eyes in the damp, heavy air, and through it the laboring onrush of the brute was seen veiled and indistinct. Instinctively Barry leaped aside, throwing himself into the bushes on his left. Something smote him violently on the thigh, though he was conscious only of a shock, accompanied by no pang of pain. Wild with excitement, he sat up, and as he did so he saw his

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enemy stumble heavily on to its knees, recover itself clumsily, trip once more, and then fall with a crash that rang through the jungle, awaking the clanging echoes of the woodland.

Barry struggled to rise, but his right leg was useless. He put his hand to his thigh, and it came away drenched and sticky. Suddenly a consciousness of great pain, accompanied by acute nausea turned him giddy, and a groan was wrung from him. The gaur, not twenty yards away, was floundering helplessly in its death-agony, then lying very still ere it began to flog the earth again with its mighty limbs.

Mir Akhbar, very crestfallen and shamefaced, with all his wonted swagger milked out of him for the moment, opened his coat, and drew a long silk waist-band from around his body. Stooping low, as he squatted on his heels, he bound the wound carefully. The delicate sense of touch which belonged to his slender fingers told him that the bone below was broken.

Barry's eyes were gazing at the tree-tops, with a dazed stare in them when Mir Akhbar, his task done, leaned over him tenderly as a woman.

Sahib, I go to call the village folk to bear thee to the camp. I will be gone but a minute, and when I return all will be well. Sahib, from this day forward I am thy man to thee! Thy hand saved my life! I am thy bondsman, bought by thine own valor, thy chattel, Sahib, while the life that thou hast given is quick in me. Folk such as I, black men, have little use for words. Let my deeds speak for me, Sahib, for the rest of the life which thou hast purchased, and purchasing hast bestowed upon me, a worthless one, is thine, Sahib, thine! Doth it pain thee sorely?"

But only a groan answered him.

Hugh Clifford.

(To be continued.)

OLD GALWAY LIFE.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS.

We were a large household, even as households went in those days, when the family circle was much more extensive than it is at present. Often nowadays when I hear of the impracticability of what are called dual arrangements, of the hopelessness of mother-in-law and daughter-in-law, or wife and sister-in-law, living in harmony together, I think of the motley group which was sheltered in the tall stone house that looked out over the gray lake with its wooded shores to the purple mountains beyond. Younger sons might be sent out into the world to seek their fortune; but it was a matter of course that the eldest son when he married should bring his wife to the family home, and that his children should grow up under its roof-tree. Nor did it occur to any one that the young couple must have a sitting-room of their own—a castle of refuge to retreat to: their life merged in that of the family and flowed on with it. As professions for gentlewomen were undreamed of then, it followed as a matter of necessity that the unmarried daughters of a family, unless unusually well-portioned, must remain in the home of their birth, even when it had passed to a brother, or possibly to a still younger generation. They helped in the bringing up of the children, these elderly spinsters, and filled up odd nooks and corners in the family life. Even more distant relatives, widowed aunts and cousins, left with straitened means and families of children, looked to the old ancestral home to provide them with at least a temporary asylum, and its shelter was seldom or never denied to them.

It must be remembered that the cost of living, or at least the outlay in ready money, was very much less than it would be at the present day, or such

unbounded hospitality would have been scarcely possible. My grandfather, who was the head of our house, used to boast that his very numerous family cost him almost nothing to maintain—the demesne, the garden, and the dairy supplied almost all our needs. It was no part of his economy to consider that the large quantities of home-grown products which we consumed represented money in another form.

Our household allowance was a sheep every week and a bullock once a-month, all that could not be eaten fresh being salted down in huge stone pickling-troughs. In addition the poultry-yard had its tribes of feathered fowl, farther afield rabbits multiplied in a manner devastating to the young plantations, trout abounded in the lake, so did game in its season. Fuel and light we had free, too, for we were surrounded by turf-bogs, and we made our own candles—mould-candles for parlor and drawing-room, and dips for kitchen and nursery use. Mould-candles were made of mutton-tallow, which was considered to give the better light. Wicks were drawn tightly through long narrow moulds fixed in rows to a board, and the melted fat poured in afterwards. For the dips lengths of loosely twisted wick were tied round a stick, a dozen or more at a time, and dipped into a great saucepan of grease upon the kitchen fire, allowed to cool and dipped again, till they had attained sufficient thickness.

We baked our own bread, too, in a cavernous oven in the kitchen wall, in which huge turf-fires were kindled and allowed to burn themselves out, after which the hot ashes were swept out and the batch of loaves thrust in. Truly the careful housewife at the head of such an establishment as ours did not

eat the bread of idleness in those days. Groceries for which coin of the realm was needed, were her most anxious consideration, and at that time when tea cost five shillings a-pound and sugar sixpence, for even the coarsest qualities, it was small wonder that such luxuries were denied to children and servants, who had to content themselves with bread and milk and oatmeal porridge, and perhaps we were none of us the worse for our simple regimen.

Ready money was indeed so scarce in Galway that when play was high the stakes were frequently made in livestock, as being more plentiful than coin. A sheep, a point and a bullock on the rubber were recognized stakes at whist.

We were wont, like most of the Irish gentry, to make an annual migration from the far west to Dublin for the gaieties of the winter season. The heads of the family, and as many of its other members as could find accommodation, travelled in our own carriage, a truly patriarchal conveyance. It was hung so high from the ground that it had to be entered by a little carpeted staircase, which was folded back neatly inside the carriage, after the four occupants of the interior had taken their seats. Two others sat behind in the rumble, and two more on the box, for as we travelled with post-horses and postillions we did not need a coachman, and these outside seats were much sought after by the youngsters of the party. The big travelling carriage carried not only ourselves but also our wardrobes, in a set of trunks which specially appertained to itself. It was a joyful day for us children when, a full week before the date of departure,—everything was done leisurely and with deliberation in those days, there was none of the modern rush and hurry,—the black, iron-bound boxes were brought indoors and carried upstairs

to be packed. There was first the huge imperial, which covered the whole roof of the carriage, in which gowns could be laid without folding them—no modern lady's dress-basket was ever half so capacious or convenient. Then there was the boot, a smaller box, which slipped in under the coachman's feet: this was considered a man's piece of luggage, and given up to the gentlemen of the party. Another curious wedge-shaped box fitted in between the driving-seat and the body of the carriage; and lastly there was what was called a cap-case, a light box which swung behind from two iron hooks at the back of the rumble, and held the ladies' bonnets. And bonnets were bonnets in those days, not the filmy morsels which now do duty as such, and they required a roomy receptacle to hold them.

The weight of our equipage, when fully loaded with all its freight, animate and inanimate, must have been prodigious: it was not surprising that we travelled slowly. The journey from Galway to Dublin occupied three days. The first night we slept at Ballinasloe; the second brought us to Kilbeggan; towards evening on the third a murky light, low down on the horizon, told us that we were approaching the metropolis.

Posting cost a shilling a mile, with a gratuity besides to the post-boys. If this was insufficient, they passed on a bad report of the travellers to their successors upon the next stage, and these revenged themselves beforehand by proceeding as slowly as possible. A penurious aunt, journeying across Ireland from Waterford to visit us, and finding herself crawling at a snail's pace, let down the window and called to the post-boys to go more slowly still,—"I've never been this way before, and I wish to admire the scenery." "Now, my dears," she said to her daughters inside the carriage, "they'll

go fast, just to aggravate us." But I do not know if the ruse succeeded or not.

Those members of the family whom the travelling-carriage, roomy as it was, could not accommodate, or who were obliged to make chance journeys to or from Dublin at other times, could travel by land or by water, by the stage-coach or the canal-boat. All the mail-coaches started from the Post Office in Dublin at nine o'clock in the evening. To see them set out was one of the sights of Dublin, and one which there was always a large crowd gathered to witness. There was the Galway mail, the Sligo mail, the Belfast mail, and numerous others besides; and a merry and inspiriting spectacle it was to see the well-appointed four-horsed coaches draw off, with much tooting of horns and chaff from the by-standers, in their different directions. It was pleasant enough, too, on a spring evening to drive out past the fresh greenery of the Phoenix Park and through the pretty village of Clondalkin on our western road. Fatigue, however, soon overcame pleasure, and those long hours of darkness during which one sat bolt upright, generally in company with three other inside passengers, were very wearisome, and sleep was wellnigh impossible. The only rest we had, till Galway was reached, was half an hour's halt at Ballinasloe for an early breakfast.

On one occasion I was travelling home alone, having danced well into the small hours the previous night. My father's outside car met me in the inn-yard at Galway, and I was transferred without delay from one vehicle to the other, for the goodly number of Irish miles which had still to be accomplished. So tired out was I that I fell asleep on the way and rolled off the car. The coachman drove on some distance before he missed me, and turning back in much alarm, found me lying by

the roadside, still sound asleep and quite unhurt.

There were two services of passenger-boats at the time on the Grand Canal which intersects Ireland between Dublin and the great waterway of the Shannon. I do not remember that we ever patronized the ordinary boats, which took more than one day upon the road, and on board of which sleeping accommodation was provided for the passengers. But we frequently went up and down by the express, or Flyboat as it was called. The horses which drew it along the towing-path trotted, whilst the others only walked, and it accomplished the whole distance in one day. The Flyboat had a long cabin, very like a modern tramcar, with seats and windows on either side, and a gangway down the middle. There was a small deck fore and aft, where one could stand now and again to stretch one's cramped limbs, and when passing through the locks it was sometimes possible to go ashore for a few minutes.

In Dublin itself in my earliest years we went about in sedan-chairs, and surely no more delightful conveyance was ever devised. The chair was brought into the hall, the occupant tucked herself away comfortably inside—there was no going out o' nights into the cold raw air, no soiling of shoes or skirts on muddy pavements,—the chairmen picked up their load, carried it at a sort of jog-trot through the streets, and deposited it within the hall of the house for which one was bound. Once I remember that my sister and I were sent in one chair to a children's party. We had some quarrel on the way, and shook the chair so violently in our struggle that the chairmen set it down in the middle of the street, and refused to proceed until we behaved ourselves as ladies going out in a chair should.

In those days the postage of a letter from Dublin to Galway cost tenpence, while from London it was one-and-sixpence. Unlike our present arrangements, it was the receiver and not the sender of the epistle who paid the postage. The postmaster in our village kept a book, just as the greengrocer and milkman do nowadays, in which all letters received for the household were entered, with the names of the recipients to whom they were addressed, and the postage paid upon them. The book was presented to my grandfather, and paid by him every week. It can readily be imagined that under such a system unnecessary letter-writing was not encouraged, whilst clandestine correspondence was wholly impossible, since each member of the family was held to strict account for all letters received by him or her during the week. A member of Parliament, however, could frank ten letters every day to any part of the United Kingdom; and if he did not require this number for his own correspondence, might oblige a friend by signing his name on an envelope, a boon which was much sought after. A peer possessed the privilege without any limit whatever, and I well remember seeing the Duke of Devonshire, who had stayed with us on a tour through Connemara, sit down at my grandmother's writing-table just before his departure and sign his name on innumerable envelopes, till the whole table was covered with them. They were a parting gift to my grandmother, to be filled in by her subsequently with the name of any correspondent she pleased.

Duelling, though not so common as it had been in the early years of the last century, was still tolerably frequent, and one rather secluded spot in the outskirts of Galway was known as "the Field of Mars," from its being the locality generally chosen for such encounters. There was also an individ-

ual called Pistol Blake, whom we regarded with much awe, his sobriquet having been earned by the number of duels he had fought and by his skill as a marksman.

My father on one occasion challenged, or was challenged by, a Mr. French of Port Carron, who lived some miles from us, to fight. I have forgotten what the cause of offence was, if I was ever told it. In order not to alarm the ladies of either family, it was agreed that the duel should be fought at a fishing-lodge of my father's up in the mountains, which was seldom inhabited, and was then standing empty. My father summoned a friend from a distance to act as his second, and they were walking up and down outside our gate, earnestly discussing the details of the meeting which was to take place next morning, when a gentleman in a gig came driving along the road. My father stopped the gig, and politely invited its occupant to come up to the house and dine. The offer was equally courteously declined, and the gig drove on.

"Who's your friend?" asked the second.

"That's French of Port Carron," said my father calmly.

"And what do you mean, sir," roared the second in angry amazement, "by bringing me here on such a fool's errand? Pretending you're going to fight this man, and then inviting him to dinner!"

"And do you think, sir," retorted my father, equally hotly, "that I'd allow Mr. French or any other gentleman to drive past my gate without asking him in to dine? But I'll fight him to-morrow all the same, as sure as my name is Martin, whether he'd dined with me or not."

In the end, however, when the parties met on the field, the seconds succeeded in patching up a reconciliation, and no encounter took place.

Pistol Blake above-mentioned was one

of three brothers, of whom the other two were known respectively as Blake the Lamb and Blake G—d D—n; but how they had acquired these somewhat contrasting names I am not aware. Pistol Blake himself, however, on one occasion belied his bellicose sobriquet by throwing oil on waters which were rapidly rising into storm.

A number of gentlemen of different religious persuasions had met together at dinner, and a controversial topic having been started, the argument was becoming unduly heated, when Pistol Blake, whose own religious convictions were somewhat of a loose fit, intervened.

"Come, you fellows," he said, "what's the use of quarrelling over trifles when we're all agreed on the main points? Now, don't we all believe in heaven and hell?"

Yes; so far the whole company would all go with him.

"And don't we all believe St. Peter holds the keys of them?"

Here very decided differences of opinion made themselves apparent.

"Well, I believe it," said Pistol Blake firmly; "and I believe when any one leaves this world and passes to the upper regions—as I trust all here may do—St. Peter meets them at the gate. 'Who are you?' he asks. 'Please, St. Peter, I'm So-and-so.' 'Are you a Protestant or a Catholic?' 'A Catholic, St. Peter.' 'Come in and turn to the right.' Another soul appears before him. 'Who are you?' Please, St. Peter, I'm Such-a-one.' 'Are you a Protestant or a Catholic?' 'I'm a Protestant, St. Peter.' 'Go to the left.' Well, when my turn comes to quit this world and I arrive at the gate above, St. Peter will say to me 'And who may you be?' 'Please, St. Peter, I'm Pistol Blake of Galway.' 'And are you a Catholic or a Protestant?' 'Indeed, St. Peter, I've never been able to make up my mind which I am.' 'All right, Pistol Blake,

step in and take your choice of seats.'"

In the laughter which greeted this sally angry feelings were forgotten, and the dinner finished in peace and harmony.

The services at our parish church were of a primitive simplicity, and the edifice itself as bare and unadorned as a barn. It was heated by two large fireplaces high up in the wall, in which in the winter-time large turf-fires blazed, and a goodly store of turf was laid in readiness underneath each. Every now and again during the service my father or grandfather would go out of our large square pew, in which we could sit or loll at ease, unseen by the rest of the congregation, poke the fires vigorously and pile on more turf. There was no organ or musical instrument of any kind. We ourselves composed the choir. On wet Sundays, or whenever from any cause we did not come to church, there was no singing. Hymns were unknown, at any rate in Iar-Connaught. We sang the Psalms in the metrical version of Tate and Brady, two verses and the doxology, never more, no matter what the length of the Psalm might be. Perhaps the patience of the congregation would not have held out for more. Whenever we came late to church, which, having several Irish miles to drive, I fear happened but too often, the clerk, who was lame, would limp down from his desk—the lowest tier in the tall three-decker, of which the upper stories were reading-desk and pulpit—and come across to our pew to fetch the slip of paper on which we had written down the two psalms to be sung that morning. It was the clerk who subsequently gave them out, the musical portion of the service not being held to concern the clergyman. One of us girls raised the note, the others joined in, and the clerk beat time on the front of his desk.

The old rector had five sermons,

which he preached in regular and unvarying rotation. The Sundays as they came round were known to us not as the Third after the Epiphany or the Fifteenth after Trinity, but as Give-and-it-shall-be-given-to-you or Fight-the-good-fight-of-faith Sunday, from the text of the discourse which we knew we should listen to that day. However familiar these theses might be to his hearers, it was absolutely necessary that they should be delivered in a black gown: if Dr. Wilson had preached in his surplice, even his very tolerant congregation would have been scandalized. The church had, however, no vestry. The black gown was therefore always laid in readiness over the wooden enclosure that fenced the three-decker. During the singing of the second psalm Dr. Wilson used to duck down behind this screen and there, hidden from the eyes of the congregation, divest himself of his surplice and don the black gown in its stead. If another clergyman chanced to be present, he could be seen assisting to draw the vestment on; at other times, in Dr. Wilson's struggles to array himself, his head used to bob up and down from behind his screen in a manner that was highly amusing to us children.

On one occasion the judge who was holding the assizes in Galway had come out to spend Sunday with us. Dr. Wilson had heard that we had an important visitor staying with us; but being very deaf, he had received the mistaken impression that the distinguished stranger was an ecclesiastic. When the time for the sermon arrived, he came across to our pew, holding out the black gown in both hands, and sought to place it on the dismayed judge's shoulders, ejaculating in his jerky fashion, "Won't ye preach? Won't ye preach?" It was with much difficulty that my father made him understand that our guest was a legal and not a clerical dignitary.

Once as we were driving home from church we saw a crowd gathered upon the road, and stopped to ask what was the matter. A quantity of oats had recently been stolen, we were told, and the wise woman, as the white witch is called in Ireland, had undertaken to discover the thief by means of a charm.

Her appliances were of the simplest. Two men kneeling on the road, each held up a sheep-shears, on the points of which a large corn-sieve was balanced, and the wise woman standing beside them repeated over the names of all likely and unlikely delinquents in a sort of chant, demanding of the sieve—"As the thruth's in ye, was it Thady Kearney stole the corn? was it Tom Rorke?" and so on. Always, however, when the name of a certain Neddy Faherty was reached, the sieve toppled over and fell to the ground. Neddy Faherty was himself amongst the crowd, and loudly and vehemently protested his innocence. Again and again the incantation was repeated; but no matter where Neddy Faherty's name was placed in the long list which the wise woman went through, as soon as it was uttered down came the sieve. Reading the growing mistrust upon his neighbors' faces, poor Neddy burst through the throng to the side of the carriage and wildly implored our help. My father and grandfather, convinced that there must be some trickery or collusion at the bottom of the matter, got out of the carriage and took possession themselves of the sieve and shears. The crowd waited breathlessly while once more the roll of names was gone through; but the result was the same—as soon as Neddy Faherty was named, the sieve clattered down upon the road. Rendered desperate by this culminating proof of his guilt, Neddy burst into tears.

"The Divil has a houl't of me," he sobbed, "be raisin of me puttin' a stitch in me breeks o' Sunday last. Sure I'll

go behind the wall an' tak' them off of me, an wid the blessin' of God I'll be quit of him."

The ladies of the family deemed it as well not to await the result of this novel form of exorcism, and drove on. When the gentlemen returned home on foot, however, they reported that even the removal of poor Neddy's nether garments had been impotent to break the spell; the sieve continued as before to turn over at each mention of his name. They both remained certain that the divination had been effected by means of a trick, but how it could have been accomplished they had not the least idea. In all probability by nothing more occult than the wise woman keeping sharp-eyed watch upon the sieve, and adroitly introducing Neddy Faherty's name as she saw that it was about to overbalance.

They were the more strengthened in their conviction by its being proved to demonstration a short time afterwards that the thief of the oats was none other than the wise woman herself.

Another instance of the belief in witchcraft was far more tragical. Walking with an aunt one day, we met a little barelegged boy, who led a young woman by the hand. She wore the blue cloak and red homespun skirt universal amongst the peasantry, and would have been strikingly pretty, save that her eyes had the far-away wandering look which bespeaks a mind astray. My aunt stopped and questioned the little fellow as to where he was going.

"I'm takin' me sisther to the priest to say a prayer over her. The sinses is gone out of her since her little child died, an' maybe if the priest prays over her they'll come back to her."

My aunt's interest having been aroused, she made inquiries concerning the poor girl, for she was little more, and discovered that she had been but a short time married, the match having,

according to custom, been made for her by her parents. The husband proved to be a heartless brute, who ill-treated his young wife after a fashion happily very rare in Ireland. Her baby's death was the last stroke of ill-fate, and with it poor Mary Tierney's mind wholly gave way, and she fled back to her father's cabin, where she wandered aimlessly about, talking disjointedly to herself, and refusing absolutely to return to her husband. Very shortly after the day on which we had met her on the road, the good priest's ministrations having proved unavailing to cure a mind diseased, she and her family were sitting at their fireside when they saw Mary's husband coming up the boreen, or lane. Mary started up in wild affright.

"Hoide the tongs! Hoide the tongs!" she cried; words which were afterwards held as proof that an attempt upon her life had been made before.

The appeal was disregarded, it being thought to be only one of her crazy fancies, and the husband, entering, sat down amongst the others. He had no difficulty in persuading them that the cause of Mary's insanity was her being possessed by a witch, and he urged that if he were but permitted to place the tongs round his wife's neck *and make it meet*, the evil spirit would be driven out, and Mary would be herself again. Incredible as it may seem, the attempt was permitted, and he strangled the unfortunate girl before her parents' eyes. Even when she fell lifeless to the ground, he persuaded them that it was but the last departing effort of the witch, and that in a few moments her own spirit would come back to her, and she would rise up in her own right mind; and in this belief the parents ate their supper with the murderer, the girl-wife's dead body lying on the floor beside them.

Strangest of all, perhaps, when the hue and cry was out against the murderer

and the police were hunting him, it was his wife's family who assisted to hide him, with the love of resisting the law which seems inborn in every Irishman; and, thanks to their aid, he succeeded in evading justice, and making his escape to America.

My father and grandfather, as magistrates, administered impartial and patriarchal law throughout the district, not only adjudicating upon such cases as ordinarily figure in a court of petty sessions, but being also appealed to to settle family squabbles and neighbors' quarrels; and the decisions that they gave in all such matters were unquestioningly obeyed.

On one occasion the cause of the dispute was a goose, to which two old women laid claim. The bone of contention appeared in court in a basket, out of which she succeeded in thrusting her head every now and again, trumpeting noisily, to denote her disapprobation of the proceedings.

"Where do you live?" demanded my grandfather of the first old woman.

"The first house, yer honor, afther ye pass the cross-roads goin' into Oughterard."

"And where do you live?" of the second claimant.

"'Tis this side of the cross-roads, sir, an' sure——"

But my grandfather cut short the flood of oburgations and recriminations that was about to be poured forth.

"Let the goose," he said sternly, "be conveyed in the basket to the cross-roads, and be set at liberty there. Let no one dare to meddle with her, but allow her to take her own road. I'll warrant she'll go where she's accustomed to be fed."

This judgment was considered but little inferior to that of Solomon.

The most notable event of our childhood, however, was the battle between the Martins and the Offlaherties. We were not very actively concerned, being

only a younger branch of the first-named family, the head of which was Thomas Martin of Ballynahinch, member for the County Galway, and owner of nearly all Connemara, whose boast it was that his avenue was thirty-six miles long, since for that distance the highroad from Galway ran through his property.

The point at issue was a strip of bog, of no particular value, which lay between his estate and that of George Offlahertie, descendant of the "ferocious Offlaherties," for deliverance from whom the citizens of Galway in olden times used in their litany to pray, and which was laid claim to by both. A few waste acres more or less, in those great tracts of mountain and bog and heather, would not have seemed of any great consequence; but family pride and family honor were held to be involved, and instead of seeking a settlement of the dispute in a court of law, after the modern and prosaic fashion, the belligerents mustered their tenants, and marched down upon the debatable land, where with spades, flails, and gaips a most furious battle was fought. Thomas Martin, who was a man of gigantic proportions and herculean strength, led his forces into action himself. He did not, indeed, avail himself of any weapon save his fists, but with those he dealt sledge-hammer blows upon the enemy.

News came to us of the battle in progress, and my grandfather drove off at top speed in his gig to endeavor to stop the affray. Just as he reached the scene of conflict the lacework unmortared wall that fenced the bog went down flat upon the road, with all the Offlaherties tumbling behind it, in headlong rout before the Martins, who remained in triumphant possession of the field of battle.

Both leaders were brought to trial for riot and disturbance of the peace. Thomas Martin, who had taken the

most prominent part in the encounter, was sentenced to two months' imprisonment in Galway jail; while George Offlahertie, who had done somewhat less doughty deeds, was let off with half that penalty.

Thomas Martin's confinement was not made unduly irksome to him. The governor of the jail hastened to place his residence at the county member's disposal, and his friends were allowed to visit him without let or hindrance. He gave dinner-parties nightly to all the neighboring gentry, and was wont to declare afterwards that he had never enjoyed himself more than within jail walls. Nor did his incarceration lower him in the least in the eyes of the electors. He returned straightway from prison to the House of Commons, and continued to represent the County Galway for an unbroken period of thirty-five years, till his death in the black year of '47.

Blackwood's Magazine.

He died of the famine fever, as did so many of his own order in those evil days, for the pestilence, which hunger had engendered, infected rich and poor with its deadly breath. Before his death he had piled yet more debt on his already burdened estate, to buy meal for his starving tenantry. His only child and heiress, who had been styled in jest the Princess of Connemara, instead of the vast heritage which she had looked upon as her own, inherited only its encumbrances, and fled penniless with her young husband to elude the imprisonment for debt which threatened her. They escaped from Galway in a sailing-vessel, and beyond the Atlantic, far from home and kin, Mary Martin, heiress to a hundred square miles of territory, and reared in every luxury, died of want and privation.

Her death was but one drop in an ocean of tragedy.

MISS FENELLA.

I.

If Miss Fenella was not deeply loved in Mirbrook, she was highly esteemed. The small town felt a certain pride in her. She was not called a "sweet woman," but she was often called true as steel. She had never been known to do a mean action; and mean people seemed to contract visibly in her presence, though she uttered no criticism. Audibly she criticized no one—though there sometimes shone in her eyes a light ironic yet tolerant. She was a strong, silent woman. It was rumored that she was sceptical, like her father, the old doctor, who had died twelve years ago—but if she were, she had

never said so. She proffered no confession, whether of doubt or faith, but her steady refusal wholly to identify herself with the Zionists, whose chapel she attended, made the rigidly orthodox look on her with a certain suspicion—not unmingled with respect. Her religious experience, they feared, was defective, yet they surmised that the Almighty would take into account her sterling moral qualities, and were vaguely relieved that He, not they, had to classify Miss Fenella.

Everyone had called her Miss Fenella while her elder sister lived, and the name clung to her when she was left alone. It suited her—the clear pallor of the face, framed in gray hair, the firm

lines of the lips, with their hint of gentle austerity. She was only thirty-five, but she sometimes looked ten years older. She had had a hard life. Her father had died suddenly, leaving his two daughters, one an invalid, almost penniless. Fenella at his death took up her burden uncomplainingly. She moved into a smaller house, sent away all the servants but one elderly woman, gave music-lessons, and eked out her income by taking a lodger, a lady lodger first, then a rheumatic old gentleman. She worked hard for ten years, and then her sister died. She had not been an ideal invalid—she had often been querulous and impatient—but Fenella had loved her, with the love of a strong nature for a weak one, and had put aside for her the thought of any other love. There had once been a whisper of romance—a young doctor who had come to assist her father, and who, the townsfolk said, had been very friendly with Miss Fenella, when her gray hair was a lovely brown. But it had come to nothing. Miss Fenella had made him understand, when the two women were left alone, that her one thought now must be for Mattie, and he had gone away, and in course of time married another woman. Her thoughts of him, across many laborious years, were almost like a dream of a bygone existence. More and more, her interests had centred in the exacting invalid, whose hold on life seemed at once so weak and so tenacious—who died at last of a disease which many had begun to suspect was imaginary. Miss Fenella bore her death, as she had borne every other calamity, so quietly that people did not know how much she felt, or if she felt anything; they could not guess that in her heart there was often something resembling despair. She taught her pupils as carefully as ever; she went regularly on Sunday mornings to the little dissenting chapel which all her folk had frequented. For

years Mattie had liked to hear every detail—the text, the sermon, the new dresses—who had spoken to Fenella, and with whom she had walked home. Now Mattie was dead; but there was still Hannah to be considered. Hannah would be “upset” if she departed from the old custom. Miss Fenella had always been very careful to “upset” no one, whether by deeds or doubts. The sky was dark enough; but if Mattie, and many another poor soul, gained hope and comfort from believing in the light of a certain star, to what purpose should Fenella protest that to her it was invisible? Their eyes might be right and hers wrong. She accepted their testimony with gentle deference, though, being perfectly sincere, she added none of her own. She bore her spiritual burden alone, as she bore all other burdens, and often wondered secretly—one always has time to wonder—whether God had forgotten her. That surmise did not rouse her righteous indignation. She was one who lived by remembering, not by tokens of remembrance, and her inner life did not fascinate her simply because it was hers. Moreover, being a busy woman, with a philosophic vein, she reflected that God must have a very great deal to do. And she went on with her own work in a certain gray peace.

Her best friend was her violin. That violin had a history: it was old and really valuable. It had belonged to her father's younger brother—dead now, like nearly all the other people whom Miss Fenella had loved. He had been a splendid amateur musician, and he had taught Fenella all the music she knew. He was a good pianist, but the violin was his specialty, as it was hers, though peculiarly she found the art useless. Mirbrook was one of the most unmusical of small towns, and it never occurred to its inhabitants to learn, or wish their children to learn, anything but the piano. For this

Fenella was not sorry—she could hardly have borne the perpetual violin discords that a dull pupil would produce on her favorite instrument. Her father and Mattie, all the friends she ever had, loved her violin; it was instinct with old memories, that woke as she drew her bow across the strings. And now, since Hannah cared nothing for music, she grew to look upon it as a solitary traveller looks upon the slender stream of water in the wilderness, that is only dear to him.

When this story opens, Miss Fenella had no lodgers, and since Mattie's death made it possible for her and old Hannah to live somewhat frugally on the music-fees alone, she was in no hurry to let her rooms. If a suitable person turned up, well and good: in the meantime, they could manage. Things were in this position, when one Monday morning Fenella was startled by a visit from the Rev. Mr. Marshall, superintendent of the circuit of which Mirbrook formed a part. The ministers had visited Mattie regularly, but they were rather shy of Miss Fenella. She was not the kind of person on whom they felt inclined to bestow spiritual counsel at random, and Mr. Marshall himself had sometimes turned away from the door with a humiliating consciousness that he who was expected to "sow beside all waters," had withheld his hand, purely through a nervous fear of sowing the wrong seed.

But on this occasion his errand was purely practical.

"Miss Blake," he began, "we are in a dilemma. Can you board and lodge the supply? He is coming on Wednesday. Mrs. Jackson has entirely fallen through, and so has Mrs. Hawkins. I have not a soul to turn to but yourself, and I think you would find Mr. Maxwell an excellent—indeed, a delightful—young man, a true Christian. No one could look after him as you could; and I hope that in six months Mr. Bur-

roughs will be back at his post. At present he is ordered south, as you know."

Yes, Fenella knew. She had heard that a "supply" was coming, but the information had not interested her. Her face fell involuntarily at Mr. Marshall's proposal. She knew the type of young man—at least, she thought she did. But she suffered under the disadvantage of never in her life having refused to do a favor, if possible. And the rooms were empty!

"Oh, yes," she said, rather blankly, "you can send him here if you like! You know my terms, don't you?—or perhaps I had better reduce them a little for a minister. A pound a week for board and two rooms—I can't very well manage for less than that. I will do my best, but I am a very busy person, and—"

She paused. It had been on her lips to ask whether the young man would expect to conduct family worship more than once a day; but, on reflection, she forebore, and subsided into her habitual silence. The minister soon left, and she went somewhat heavy-heartedly into the kitchen, to tell the news to old Hannah. But Hannah received it with distinct approval.

"It will be a bit of company for you, Miss Fenella!" said she. "Maybe he's a right nice young man, that'll freshen us all up."

"Oh, I hope not!" said Fenella. "I don't want company, Hannah! I have too much to do. Most likely he will spend all his time in playing croquet with the Brownes. That is what most of the young ministers do who come here!"

"Ah, there was Mr. Jenkins," said Hannah reflectively. "He was never off the Miss Brownes' doorstep. They did say he got himself engaged to all three of them, but nothing ever came of it. They're handsome ladies too, Miss Fenella, but I was never one that

held with forward ways with gentlemen—and they're not so young as they used to be, for all their croquet."

"None of us are, Hannah," said Miss Fenella. "Ah, here is Nelly's ring—I'll go: don't take your hands out of the flour."

And Fenella turned to the door to receive her next music-pupil.

II.

Miss Fenella, having accepted the inevitable, did not exactly meet it half-way. The young minister, however aggressively evangelical, would not probably remain more than half a year, and apart from the Miss Brownes and their croquet, he would have sermons to write, and many meetings to attend, so that she was not likely to see much of him. She would earn a few shillings every week by letting the rooms, and might buy herself a winter cloak and some snow-shoes, as well as Hannah's Christmas present, and gifts for various old pensioners whom she never forgot. Yet she woke on Wednesday morning with a sense of regret. The post brought a brief note, signed "Hugh Maxwell," announcing that the writer would probably reach Mirbrook at six in the evening, and she felt relieved that he was not coming earlier. Her last pupil was due at three; she could have a good violin practice from four to half-past five. It would be well to secure this, since the young man might be studious, or nervous, and object to the violin. So she went on peacefully with her music-lessons, only once interrupted by Hannah, who came from her baking-board to ask "whether the minister would like rock-cakes or buns?"

"Why, Hannah," said Fenella, shutting the door carefully upon her pupil, "how can I know? I should think—if he is at all like Mr. Jenkins—I should think you had better make both, and

put in plenty of raisins, and lemon-peel, poor fellow! Bake enough, then on Saturday I shall have time to cook myself."

"It's no trouble, Miss Fenella," said Hannah stoutly. "But as for your saying 'poor fellow,' I shouldn't wonder if the Lord had sent him, and I believe he'll be a consecrated young man, and a blessing in disguise."

"Do you, Hannah?" Fenella replied dubiously. "Well, perhaps he will—I'm sure I hope so!"

And she returned to her pupil, half smiling, half sighing. Hannah was one of the people who, in spite of all their love and trust for her, perpetually regretted that she did not join the church. And Fenella could not join the church, even to please Hannah, whom she would have done much to please. The Zionists laid great stress on what they called the inward witness—something of which Fenella was destitute, or which, at all events, always resolved itself into a consciousness of the next duty to be done. All through her life she had quietly repressed her emotions. They had remained strong and vivid—repressed emotions often do—but she had been silent in her pain, very silent in her joy, and presented an unmoved surface to the world. It had been partly innate reserve, partly the instinctive desire to perturb no one. Highly-strung people thought her excellent but phlegmatic, and Zionists sometimes accused her of "cold morality." Their own was apt to be glowing, and they wore their souls on their sleeves. Miss Fenella's soul was perhaps morbidly shy, and never expressed itself save in action. Still she liked the Zionists, for old sake's sake, also because when they forgot their souls they were human, simple, and kindly.

By-and-by the last pupil was gone. Fenella drank a hasty cup of tea, and settled down to her violin. The day was dark already—the March evening

was closing in; she chose the further end of the drawing-room, to catch the light from the window, and half an hour later was so absorbed in her playing that she never heard an irresolute tap, nor a brief colloquy, in smothered tones, outside the door, to which her back was turned. It opened softly, and two figures entered—Hannah's and another; but she neither saw nor heard. She was playing a long sonata, and when at last it ended she laid down her bow with a sigh. Into that sigh Hannah's voice broke.

"Miss Fenella, here's the minister. He drove over instead of coming by train, and he wouldn't let me stop your playing. And shall I make tea for him, please?"

"No," said Hugh Maxwell, advancing into the light from the window; "I don't want any tea, Miss Blake; I had some tea at Lowick before starting. I only want you, if you will be so awfully good, to let me listen while you go on playing."

Fenella laid the violin down carefully by the bow, and held out her hand, while her keen quiet eyes scanned the face before her. It was not a strong face, but it was very beautiful; and just now it was full of a boyish appeal that struck her as genuine. She glanced at Hannah, and saw that Hannah, between the compliment to her mistress, and the new comer's winning glance and voice, had surrendered unreservedly.

"Do you care for music, Mr. Maxwell?" she said, to gain time. "If you do, I am afraid the choir on Sunday will try you a good deal."

"Ah! but this is not Sunday," he replied cheerily; "it is only Wednesday. Won't you let me be happy now?"

"But—" said Fenella, surveying him with a puzzled brow. She was no martyr to convention, yet this struck her, somehow, as a most inappropriate beginning of a new lodger's career. "Are

you really in earnest?" she asked lamely.

"Of course," said Hugh, with the unshaken conviction of youth. But her question struck him as pathetic. It was the question of one whose rare gift has never been appreciated; but he would alter all that. He was really appreciative, and he held that appreciation was a thing which put light and color into the grayest landscapes, and made life richer all round. He was attracted towards this woman with the quiet worn face. The idea of enriching her life was distinctly fascinating.

"I have had no music for six weeks," he continued; "and music is part of my religion. You have read Browning's poem, 'Abt Vogler'?"

"Yes," said Miss Fenella soberly. "Hannah, we will have supper early. Mr. Maxwell, won't you sit down? That armchair by the fire is comfortable."

And Hugh sank into the armchair indicated, feeling that it was well with him. The fire was pleasant after a cold drive. He loved music, and Miss Fenella, after a few nervous moments, was at her best. She glanced now and then at his face: silhouetted in the firelight, it looked more delicate, more dreamy than ever. She had not yet surrendered, like Hannah, but she acknowledged that there was something extremely winning about this strange young man. At the end of an hour, however, she despatched him relentlessly, to get ready for supper, or high tea, whatever name the nondescript meal happened to merit, feeling that discipline would never be maintained if it were not maintained now.

Before the meal was over it became clear to her that it never would be, when she saw the lodger on his knees before the fire toasting fresh toast, and triumphantly offering her half the supply. Over the toast he dashed into confidential conversation. He told Fenella that he was converted at thir-

teen, that the chief aim of his early life had been to become a minister, and that, much as he loved music, he valued his voice first and foremost because it enabled him to start the tunes at mission-meetings.

"Don't you find your violin," he suggested, with some diffidence, "a great opportunity?"

"No—o," said Miss Fenella, desiring to be accurate; "not in your sense. You see, I am not religious."

Hugh gazed at her.

"I don't believe that," he said decidedly. "You may not have found God; but I am quite sure that He has found you. I can read it in your face!"

The remark seemed an impertinence, yet, to Miss Fenella's own deep surprise, something smarted under her eyelids. When people have been lonely a long while, and have endured the criticism of the "*unco' guid*" in silence, they cannot always gauge the quality of unexpected sympathy or trust. And Hugh's sympathy was real, so far as it went. The only mischief was that it seldom went so far as it seemed to go. He was at the stage when many people have an unlimited rosy faith in almost everyone, and an unlimited power of expressing it. Later on, their faith is more austere, if more tenacious, and perhaps cannot express itself at all; it is no radiant assurance, but the grip of a rope that hurts the hands. Fenella divined all this, yet Hugh's words touched her; she felt a sudden sense of human fellowship, and she smiled kindly, as she might have done at a trustful child.

"You know very little about me," she answered quietly; "and—you have no butter!"

"That was not what you meant to say," said Hugh persuasively, accepting butter nevertheless, and buttering his toast with vehemence. There was certainly a great deal in Miss Fenella, he decided, and, if she did not care to talk,

he could always talk for two, which he did, till supper was over, in a bright, irresponsible way that took her sympathy for granted as if, she thought, he had found an elder sister ready-made. Even now she was making excuses for what, two hours ago, she would have characterized as want of reserve; even now she was beginning to feel that she could do anything for him.

In a month, she knew she could. He had slipped, with charming audacity, into the position of a younger brother, a favorite nephew, what you will. The small household grudged him nothing. There were not very many companionable people in Mirbrook, and he made the most of Miss Fenella with cheerful alacrity. Sometimes he needed inspiration, and she gave him that in violin music; sometimes counsel, and here, too, she was ready, with few words, but fitting; sometimes—indeed, very often—he only wanted to talk about himself, and then he found her an invaluable listener. To be sure, his interest in her was real enough to make him wish, not infrequently, that she would speak of her own life; but it seemed like a locked chamber of which she had lost the key. So he fell back on Hugh Maxwell, his aims, his convictions, his career. It appeared that he intended to remain celibate. He explained to her, very soberly, all the reasons why he should not so much as fall in love, with a precision that made her wonder vaguely if he were not in love already. She laid claim to no philosophy, but she suspected that such elaborate calculations generally rested on suppressed data. She felt more sure of this one day when he was showing her photographs of his mother and sister and brothers. Then came a fresh photograph, and she asked:

"Is that another sister?"

"No," Hugh said doubtfully. At least, I look upon her almost as a sis-

ter—a younger sister. We used to play together; and she is a great favorite at home."

He glanced at Miss Fenella, half exploringly, half hopefully, as if to ask her approval of this fraternal arrangement. He had fallen into the habit of wondering what she would think about anything and everything.

"You know," he explained to her one day, "you are a kind of Conscience! No one would go far wrong, I fancy, who had you for a friend."

On this occasion, however, Miss Fenella only said, "I see." But she said it kindly, and he went on:

"She's a pretty girl, isn't she? Rather delicate, though. She can't tramp round like my own sister, and slum, and cook, and garden, and work in Sunday-school. The least thing knocks her up; but she plays beautifully, and composes—you know—composes hymns. We had one of her hymns at the last Sunday-school Anniversary. I think—I am not sure—I have it in my pocket-book."

He drew out his pocket-book with a slight flush, and finding the hymn after some show of perplexity, handed it to Fenella. It was in a woman's writing, delicate, and very feminine, and was signed R. W.—Rose Wilfer, he explained. The hymn itself was quite correct and commonplace, without even a false rhyme. Fenella read it carefully.

"I should think," she remarked, "that the writer has a sweet disposition."

"Oh, she has," returned Hugh eagerly. "One of the sweetest dispositions I ever knew!"

"Yes," said Fenella. But she stored these facts in her mind, and though, during the next few weeks, she almost forgot them, she never quite forgot. It was like the knowledge that somewhere, behind a closed door, a gentle, implacable little Nemesis was hiding—a Nemesis all white and rose, with the sweetest disposition—and if that door

once opened, Fenella's summer day was done.

For it was a summer day. Perhaps she hardly realized it till one June afternoon. Hugh had been away for two nights, he was to be away for another. He was staying at Lowick, helping the superintendent with some financial work connected with the denominational synod. Fenella had been busy all the morning with backward pupils, and she and Hannah had dined frugally on tea and toast and eggs. It really did not seem worth while to get a dinner ready for two women; besides, Fenella's head was aching, and she wanted a cup of tea. It did her no good, however; the headache had gone too far. She took no notice of an ordinary headache, but two or three times a year a nervous attack came which refused to be ignored; and an hour after lunch she had reluctantly given up the idea of visiting her old almshouse women, had tied a wet handkerchief round her head, darkened the parlor blind, and lain down on the comfortable old couch. By dint of quiet and the dim light the pain abated, and grew less like the twisting of a rack, more like the throbbing of an engine; she lay half-dreamily quiescent, when suddenly she heard the front door open and Hugh's step in the hall. A gay voice shouted:

"Miss Fenella, Miss Fenella!"

She tried to rise, but, with the hasty effort, the pain leapt back into her brow, and forced her down upon the couch again, almost fainting. She heard Hannah's voice outside, half pleased and half reproachful, then a brief colloquy, and then the front door closed again, and Hannah's step returned alone from it. He had gone; and Fenella lay still, with a sense of crushing disappointment. Next came Hannah's furtive tap of inquiry. For the first time for years, she did not answer, and the old servant, satisfied

that she was asleep, went quietly away again. And Fenella, in the dark drawing-room, realized, on the top of a headache, what had come into her life, when just the sound of one human step made so great a difference. She was a doctor's daughter, and could diagnose her ailments. Ten years ago, she knew, this pain would have been curable; to-day the chances were that it had come to stay. Very well, it was not contagious—as it might have been ten years ago!

The front door opened once more, this time very gently; there was a stealthy step in the passage. After all, he had not gone back to Lowick—not yet! The footsteps drew nearer; a soft voice said at the keyhole:

"Miss Fenella, are you asleep?"

"No; come in," said Fenella.

"It's only I," said Hugh, in his most persuasive accents. "Do lie still, or I shall wish I hadn't come back. The work's done—the second minister turned up, and I've got home again. And I've brought you some eau-de-cologne. Hannah told me you used it, and you'd none in the house. You'll bathe your forehead, won't you? and when you're better I shall come and read to you—may I? You have done such lots for me!" he added boyishly.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Fenella, struggling into a sitting posture; "how much did you pay for that big bottle—the very best, too?"

"You mustn't speak!" said Hugh, "or you won't get better. I'm so glad I'm back; you spoil me for everywhere else. The potatoes at Lowick were like young brickbats, and the tea was made of boiled chips, and there was no violin. And now I'll begin a sermon while you go to sleep. We'll have the reading afterwards."

"You are good," said Fenella. It was all that she could say. She was tired out, and felt like crying—than which she would rather have fainted away.

"Good—to you!" Hugh returned. "No one can be *that*, Miss Fenella! You soak up all the self-sacrifice in the atmosphere, you know—as leaves absorb carbonic-acid gas," he added, with a vague remembrance of his boyhood's primer. "You don't give any other fellow a chance. But I'm off, to let you sleep."

And he retreated, leaving Fenella—not to sleep, she imagined. But as a matter of fact, when she had steeped her handkerchief in the scent, and thought how very novel and delightful it was to be taken care of for once in a way, she went to sleep out of sheer surprise; and when, two hours later, she woke, the headache was almost gone.

They had a quiet, very pleasant evening. Hannah sent up a delightful little supper, and though Fenella could eat little, strong coffee dispersed the last remnant of her headache. Yet Hugh would have it that she was ill; he made her take the armchair,¹ and read to her—Lowell, Whittier, Matthew Arnold. He read well: genuine kindness and anxiety had banished any tendency towards affectation; and Fenella, listening and watching, felt that, for all his inconsistencies and crudities, he was a man whom any woman might feel justified in loving—which is a greater thing, with some women, than having their love returned. She lay back in the armchair, quietly happy, and Hugh was happy too. There was something in Fenella's presence that always calmed and refreshed him, and brought out his unspoiled side—she said little, but her silence seemed full of comprehension. To his surprise, when he opened Matthew Arnold she asked for the *Forsaken Merman*.

"I remember copying that out," she said, "when I was a little girl. My uncle was a great lover of poetry—he used to lend me books. I always liked the Merman, but I hated the woman

who forsook him. It was she who lost her soul; the Merman gained his.

Hugh gazed at Miss Fenella with deep interest. It was really the first time that the oracle had spoken, and he felt triumphantly justified in the belief that she could always have done so had she chosen. Her voice was gentle, but caustic.

"I never grasped that meaning," he said respectfully. "I read the poem as a mere legend."

"It is a legend that repeats itself," said Fenella; and, flushing slightly, she relapsed into a silence from which he tried vainly to rouse her.

"I believe," he said at last, "that you think talking sinful."

"No," said Fenella. "I like to hear you talk very much. It is natural to you; but as for me, it would be like a lame man trying to dance."

"That isn't it," Hugh retorted. "Confess that you are afraid of turning your soul into current coin, and common coin—as I do."

"No!" said Fenella. "I think that is the only good of a soul, to turn it into current coin. Perhaps my coinage and yours would be different!" she added, smiling.

"Oh," exclaimed Hugh exultingly, "how you could talk if you would!"

But Fenella only shook her head gently. Her cheek, however, was glowing with the unaccustomed self-revelation; on her face, under the soft gray hair, there was an evanescent look of youth. For the first time for ten years she felt the frustrated youth within her beating and striving under her tranquil demeanor, like a living thing under funeral ceremonies. After all, it had never died! When she lay down to sleep, and sleep fled far away, Fenella told herself sternly that if youth was not dead, it ought to be. But youth itself laughed back, with irrepressible laughter, at the human reason that confounds an ageing body with an ageing

soul. And—even in years, was she so very old? Only six years older—but that way lay madness! Before Hugh, doubtless, there was life, joy, love; before her, there was duty. There is always duty; that is the comrade who never faints, who never fails, who closes the eyes of joy or hope, heaps the sods above the grave, and marches on, impassive and relentless, calling on those to follow who only long to stay for ever beside their dead. Life or death, hope or despair—what does it matter to Duty? what difference does a grave make? For those who at any crisis fail to answer to his call, there is a supreme scorn in the face of the old martinet. But those who have followed will follow, though with blind eyes and stumbling feet, and one day certainly it will be well with them. For Duty is a great comrade, the best of all comrades, save Love; and although Love and he often seem to walk estranged, their hearts know but one beat, and their steps one far goal.

"There is always duty!" said Miss Fenella. Then she thought of the eau-de-cologne, and smiled, and slept smiling. She had exacted little of the world and of God; now she felt that the world was good, and that God was real and mindful of all souls. A little share of the wine of life had been set apart for her, who was secretly faint with thirst. It was as if, having thought herself ignored, she found that all the while she had been planned for and remembered. She was very, very grateful—not only to Hugh, but to God. It seemed that life, and love, and faith had come back to her together, after the arid waste across which she and Duty had walked alone.

Her idol had feet of clay. She knew that, but it did not matter; indeed, she gave her homage the more unstintedly. An idol all of gold, or even all of brass, can look after itself; it is the poor clay-footed idol that needs our human alle-

giance. She knew instinctively where the clay ended and the gold began. His longing to save souls, was it not partly a longing to sway souls? and when the souls in question refused to be saved or swayed, was not his vanity wounded as sharply as his altruism? His determination to believe the best of everyone, was it not blended with a determination that everyone should believe the best of him? Yet the gold was the reality. Sometimes she looked at him, when these reflections crossed her mind, with a look that made Hugh wonder if she was not reading his soul, and hastily rearrange the said soul's contents, on the spur of the moment. Not that there was very much to hide; but no one cares to be taken unawares. But Fenella's scrutiny, if keen, was always kind, and full of the great trust that is justified, when a shallow trust is belied. Perhaps she exaggerated what he had done for her. It was not his buoyant sympathy that had lifted her out of her loneliness—that miracle will never happen. It was her love for him. It is better for men and women to love very faulty people with a great unselfish love, than for them to love saints and prophets, or even Christ, with a love that is small and mean. But however that may be, summer had come back to Miss Fenella.

Once or twice it was said of her that she looked younger and more comely, but she never varied from the Quaker-like austerity of her dress. Once the thought came to her in the evening to put on a red ribbon. She had one lying in a drawer, an unused gift, and she knew it would suit her. She took it out, but put it back again—somehow, the adornment would have seemed to her unbecoming, like the demonstrative speech in which she was sometimes prompted to indulge. She thought of saying to Hugh: "You have given me back my old faith."

But the words were never uttered.

What she said instead was generally: "What would you like for breakfast? or for dinner?"

No; she could not speak, but she grew eloquent in serving him. He was not strong, and she resolved to build up his physical frame by the best of everything. She grew lavish in her housekeeping, and her cooking seemed to involve a double quantity of milk and eggs and butter. She made her tea recklessly strong, because Hugh liked strong tea, and she bought cream daily. In short, the profit arising from the letting of the rooms was almost absorbed, but Fenella committed her extravagances with a curious deliberateness. The outward gifts, the outward service, became mere symbols to her. When she reflected, she knew that she could always make shift for Hannah's Christmas present, and the like, and it really mattered nothing about a winter cloak. One must express one's gratitude in some way, and if cooking is an expensive method, perhaps, in the long run, it is less expensive than speech. Yet, if she had spoken, she would have spoken deliberately. She knew, and had always known, that people were mistaken who called her unemotional; yet she never feared that her emotions would betray her. She had the best of all safeguards—she was not thinking of herself, but entirely of the other person. The restraint of love is always absolute: it is the restraint of egotism that an emotional crisis breaks down. The one can walk through fire unscathed: you cannot strike a match in the neighborhood of the other without risking an explosion.

III.

Two months later, Fenella sat waiting. Hugh's mother had been seriously ill, and he had been for a week's visit to her, but now she was convalescent, and he was coming back. Fenella was

glad at heart—though there were only eight more weeks to run of the six months of Hugh's supply. She had learned to live a day at a time, and to live it thoroughly, even as she loved thoroughly. She could no more have half loved Hugh than she could have half dusted a room. She had no dream of marriage; but if she might serve him a little longer, giving him of her best, and reaping the affection, real and pure, if somewhat shallow, that gave her a deeper joy than a whole life's devotion can give a selfish woman! That was all she asked of destiny.

She heard the sound of wheels, and springing up, opened the door to him. But they had hardly exchanged greetings, when her swift instinct warned her that there was something amiss. Yet he sat down in the armchair, in his old way—praised the flowers, the bright fire, everything. The cat sprang on his knee; he stroked its fur, and said that it had grown more glossy since he went away. Then an ominous silence fell.

"I think you have something to tell me," said Fenella quietly.

He laughed—not the old boyish laugh—constrainedly, not very happily.

"You are a witch, Miss Blake!" he said (he had always called her Miss Fenella). "But you are quite right. I am engaged—to the sweetest girl in the world, Rose Wilfer. I once showed you her photograph."

"I remember," said Fenella. "The girl who wrote that pretty hymn."

The face in the photograph flashed before her, with its delicate, appealing loveliness. It was the face of a girl who would certainly never want a latch-key, or understand how anyone else could want one, whom the possession of a latch-key would seriously embarrass, and whose idea of marriage was to cling round the oak like the ivy. Miss Fenella, having reached this simile, looked at the very inadequate

oak round which this ivy had elected to cling.

"Oh, I *do* hope you will be happy!" she exclaimed, with a fervor that Hugh perhaps thought unnecessary, for he flushed.

"I hope," he said solemnly, "that I shall make *her* happy. I"—his fluency had deserted him—"you know—why, Miss Fenella, she thinks I'm a kind of saint, and I never felt so little like one! This sort of thing takes the conceit out of a fellow. I've been thinking all the way—what if I disappoint her?"

"You're certainly not a saint yet!" said Fenella, with a conviction in her tone that made Hugh wince. "But there's no knowing what you may be. And as for disappointing her, you know as well as I do that you needn't do that. What's more, you mustn't. And you won't. Now come and have tea. The fish will spoil if we wait any longer."

Hugh obeyed, smiling. Already he felt stronger and more competent. It flashed across him that if Rose had had an elder sister just like Miss Fenella, his contemplation of the future would have been almost free from anxiety. If he had even consulted her before his engagement, the undertaking, with her sanction, would have seemed less problematic. But he had become engaged on the wave of a strong, sudden, overmastering emotion, and now he must make the best of it. Even as those words entered his mind, he knew that Fenella would bar them, and he added hastily to his own soul, that he was very happy, far happier than he deserved to be. After which he dared to look up, and meet Miss Fenella's kind eyes—so kind, so tranquil. They gave him back his faith in himself, that had been strangely shaken. And she was talking about Rose as if she had known her always. Women were remarkable beings—how could Miss Fenella, for example, divine from

a bad photograph that his Rose rather resembled a white violet, and make him feel that he had not yet fathomed the sensitive, rare beauty of her character? He went to sleep that night pondering over the riddle. But Fenella did not sleep.

The next few weeks were a strain on her, none the less because Hugh seemed frequently to forget all about his engagement. He accepted an invitation from a circuit adjacent to his home, that he might be near Rose till they were married. He wrote to her twice a week, and having done so, felt that his responsibilities were discharged. He had slipped into the old attitude towards Miss Fenella, always a mingling of reverence and affection, and an unconscious appeal to her strength. Rose was strong in no sense of the word. She was tender and fragile, and she looked upon Hugh as a hero-saint. He appreciated the rôle, but found it exhausting, and Miss Fenella's steadfast quiet fascinated him more and more. Rose was different. She was a person to be protected, made love to, caressed. Fenella was not: one would as soon have dreamed of caressing the gray-eyed Athene. Yet Ulysses, however happily settled in Ithaca, must have missed his kindly Mentor, especially in any season of perplexity; and Hugh divined that at a great tragedy or crisis he would turn instinctively not to Rose, but to Fenella. He felt that a wave of trouble which would almost overwhelm Rose's frail boat would break on Fenella as on a rock. An outsider might have said that he did not love her so much as he needed her. And his trust in her and in his own excellent intentions was so complete that he honestly did not realize that a man who is in love with one woman and dependent on another is in a false position.

Fenella, secure in her magnificent humility, realized it even less, and walked over many precipices with a serene con-

viction that they were level ground. She was six years Hugh's senior: the fact was never absent from her consciousness. When he said impulsively: "I shall never learn to do without you!" she smiled as she might have smiled at a child who fancied some plaything indispensable. Of course, to please her, he exaggerated his need of her: that was just like him! It did not mislead her, but it was pleasant all the same.

One day he said:

"Your life here is lonely, though you are always at work. And Rose is delicate and inexperienced. When we marry, will you come and live with us, be our companion, our friend, our dear sister—all in one?"

Fenella looked at him, letting her work fall. The request did not strike her as selfish: what struck her was the absolute confidence in her which it implied. For a moment it seemed that she was going to say "Yes." But when she spoke, she said "No," and there was a gentle finality in her voice that silenced Hugh, that afterwards he felt as a reproach. It occurred to him that sisters, emphatically, are born, not made, and that the manufactured article is apt to be shoddy. Moreover, he had not consulted Rose, who might consider any kind of sister superfluous. He grew hot as he remembered Fenella's direct, calm gaze, which seemed to read his heart. But Fenella had read nothing of the kind. She had seen his need of a capable housekeeper, had heard a reprieve from death offered her, and had refused it tranquilly—from no sense of danger in the arrangement, but merely because her reason told her that the two must learn, materially as well as spiritually, to depend entirely on each other, and bear their own burdens. Yet, at Hugh's words, she had wrestled with a sudden fierce temptation. The Prince of Darkness can certainly at times appear as an angel of light, and he reminded Fenella that if

she did accept the post of burden-bearer in the Maxwell household, the cooking, in all human probability, would be infinitely better. Hugh had little reserve strength—Fenella did not realize that an interesting pallor, and a countenance reminding one of Andrea del Sarto, might mask a great deal of physical tenacity—as she might have done if she had not loved the man; and the thought of the cooking weighed heavy on her heart. If Rose loved him, she might learn to cook; but, on the other hand, her love might take the form of stanzas, which only sustain a man's soul. And a good "general" who can cook is rare. In that pause before her "No" Fenella had indulged in no conscientious scruples. She had renounced no dream of remaining in Hugh's life, like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. But she had renounced a dream of service—of jellies, custards, chicken broth, of darned socks and dusted rooms.

To be sure, Fenella sometimes thought, as the weeks hurried on, Hugh would miss her violin. Rose could play the piano, only they had none. It would be a long while, he said, before they could afford a good piano.

"If only I could give them one!" mused Fenella. It was the last Saturday night, and Hugh was away at the prayer-meeting. She reflected on her worldly wealth: it was very little. She had had no chance to save. There was enough money in the post-office bank to pay the expenses of her funeral—with wine and cake and finger biscuits, and about a week off work. There was no provision for a lingering illness; Fenella had not the slightest intention of succumbing to anything of the kind. In her death, as in her life, she would be unobtrusive, prompt, and frugal. She would not have the inhabitants of Mirbrook taking it by turns to bring her grapes or beef-tea, and wondering day after day who was looking after Miss

Fenella. No; she had calculated for one week's illness and her funeral; and what will pay for a funeral will not pay for a piano. She looked vaguely round the room; presently her eyes fell on something, a familiar object enough but it struck her with the force of a sudden revelation. Not a very welcome revelation, for she winced, as at a blow. Yet she had only seen her old violin, lying peacefully on an upper shelf, in its green baize case. She turned away and walked out of the room.

The next day Hugh preached his farewell sermon. It was not emotional, but grave, repressed, and almost stern, with a ring of manhood in it that Fenella liked. Then came a hymn, one of her old favorites—"For thee, O dear, dear country."

Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up its fabric,
The corner-stone is Christ.

The sunset was stealing in through the window of the little chapel as she sang, and she watched it with grave eyes. She dreamed of all the people she had loved, threading their way among that multitude in robes of white, in some great bliss, some ineffable consummation. She never saw herself there; when she thought of herself, she supposed that she would be busy somewhere, if she existed at all. If not, no one would miss her a very great deal. But she loved the words of the old hymn, they seemed to her like jewels. One hardly sees the connection; but it was then and there that she made up her mind to sell the violin.

The whole of Monday was busy with farewell visits and with packing. On Tuesday Hugh went away. Everything was ready: they stood waiting for the cab.

"You will come and see us later on," said Hugh. "You know," he added,

somewhat distractedly, "you are my good angel!"

Fenella smiled at him, the smile that always made him feel young and absurdly grateful.

"I shall always wish you well!" she said quietly; and if there was a strained note in her voice he did not perceive it. "And of course, we may meet again some time. Isn't that the cab?"

It was not the cab: it was a market gardener. But Hugh had held out his hand, and he grasped Fenella's as if he could not let it go.

"Why," she said, with gentle raillery. "I believe you are really sorry to leave us!"

"Sorry!" exclaimed Hugh. His face was curiously strained; before she realized it, he had raised her hand to his lips.

"I will be a better man for having known you!" he said. Even Fenella, through her great humility, was conscious, in his tone and look, of something new and unexpected, something not to be shared with all humanity, that was for herself alone. In that moment she divined that she would never go and visit them. But her face was perfectly calm.

"That's all right," she said, in her kind voice. She laid her hand on his, the frank, loyal hand of comradeship. "You will be a good man, anyhow! Here's the cab."

He was gone, and she went back into the empty room. It was only gratitude—yes; but how good of him to be so very grateful! It was like a tiny lamp to light the dreary days to come.

One evening, six months later, Fenella sat at her old piano. On the table at her left was a small cardboard box with silver trimming, evidently wedding-cake. Also there were wedding-cards. The little note that had accompanied them was in her pocket—it was from Hugh, thanking her for the salt-cellars—her nominal wedding gift—with

his old boyish fervor. At the close of the note he said:

"And now rejoice with us. A grand piano came three days ago, anonymously, from the best firm in London. It is magnificent. There is not the faintest clue, but we suppose it must be from Rose's eccentric old uncle. He is as rich as Croesus; but no one ever dreamed before that he was generous. Of course we dare not thank him—he is a terrible crank; but we remember him in our prayers. You may imagine our beatitude!"

Fenella, having read the note once more, returned it to her pocket, rather wearily. Perhaps she felt that she could have appreciated a fraction of the gratitude lavished on this imaginary benefactor; and she wondered if they prayed for people who only sent them salt-cellars. It was the inevitable moment of reaction and depression, relieved by no tangible hope; for she knew, in spite of Hugh's invitation, that she would never go and see them. But she would hear of them. A vision of Hugh's future was borne in upon her: she fancied that after all he would never be a popular preacher; but he would be something greater—a man who consumed his own smoke. Their two lives had come together for a little while, and she had helped him with her strength; but it would be another's weakness that would help him most, making him patient, and loyal, and strong. It was very well—only—!

She began to play listlessly, but the piano sounded weak and toneless—it seemed to miss the violin. As for her, her heart ached for it. Another would come soon—a cheap instrument of common wood; but just then she felt that all the rare things had gone out of her life at once.

She was wrong; there was a rarer, and she knew it presently. She rose, and, opening the glass door, stepped out into the small garden, into the quiet

evening. At that moment even Hugh seemed dreamlike, and far away. The sky was cloudy, but the air was very soft and springlike; there was a scent of violets. And if there was not joy

Longman's Magazine.

in Fenella's face as she looked up into the night, there was a certain deep content. It was the look of one who has kept nothing back.

May Kendall.

THE MOTION OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM THROUGH SPACE.

The ancient division of the stars into fixed and wandering ones is fundamental and inevitable. From the earliest times astronomers realized that these classes were separated by a great gulf, but it is only within the last hundred years that they have been able to estimate the width of the gulf.

The observation and study of the wandering stars or planets culminated in the discoveries of Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler, and Newton. The labors and genius of these men, confirmed and amplified by subsequent work, resulted in our present conception of the solar system, with the sun as king and governor swaying the planets, the earth among the number. The function of the stars (using the word in the modern sense, which excludes the planets) in all these researches was to provide fixed points to which celestial movements could be referred. They were treated as points fixed in the circumference of an infinitely distant sphere, and the discoveries of the rotation of the earth, the precession of the equinoxes, and the nutation of the earth's axis were made on this hypothesis. The fixity of the positions of the stars in the sky has served as the scaffolding of a magnificent edifice—our present complete and intimate knowledge of the solar system. The extent of this knowledge will be realized by the mere enumeration of some of the items, such as the size of the earth, the distance of the sun, the movements of the moon, the prediction

of eclipses, and in general the masses, distances, and movements of all the sun's planets and their satellites.

The knowledge of the solar system was thus the first result of observation and study of the heavens. Apart from its own importance this was a necessary preliminary to inquiries into the sidereal system, for the apparent movements due to precession and nutation of the earth's axis and to the aberration of light were incidentally explained, and the way cleared for the apprehension and discussion of the smaller movements of the stars themselves. Not that these were entirely unconsidered. The greatest obstacle to the acceptance of the Copernican theory was the fact that no differences could be perceived in the positions of the stars, such as (its opponents argued) must necessarily result from the great changes in the earth's position if it travelled round the sun. All attempts to find differences in position were unavailing, and all that was known about the fixed stars was that they were at immeasurably great distances, and that some were brighter than others.

The discovery of movements rightly attributable to the stars themselves was made by Halley, and communicated to the Royal Society in 1718. In the course of a determination of the precession of the equinoctial points by comparison with the observations of Hipparchus given by Ptolemy, Sirius, Arc-turus, Aldebaran, Betelgeux were all

found to be too far south. The amount of these differences was too great to be attributable to errors of the old observations, as other stars showed no such discrepancies. "These stars," he concludes, "being the most conspicuous in heaven, are in all probability nearest to the earth; and if they have any particular motions of their own it is most likely to be perceived in them, which in so long a time as eighteen hundred years may show itself by the alteration of their places, though it be utterly imperceptible in the space of a single century of years." Similar results were obtained a few years later by the French astronomer Cassini; and in 1756 Mayer at Göttingen, by comparison of his own observations with some made half a century earlier by Romer, was able to form a list of fifty-seven stars which showed a perceptible change of position in that interval.

By the middle of the eighteenth century it was realized that the stars were no less than suns at a very great distance, and the sun no more than a star immeasurably nearer than the rest. A change of position of a star might arise from a movement of the Solar System, as well as from a movement of the star itself, or might be the resultant of the two movements. In what way were these to be discriminated? If the changes of position or "proper motions" of the stars were entirely due to the movements of the stars themselves, there would be no reason to expect any regularity in them; but if due to the motion of the Solar System, there would be a general drift like that seen from the window of a railway carriage. Mayer compared it to the way in which the trees in a forest open up in front and close up behind as a spectator walks through. The principle was absolutely correct, but Mayer failed in his attempt to derive the direction of the solar motion from it.

The successful solution of the prob-

lem was reserved for Sir William Herschel in 1783. From the consideration of a very small number of stars, he derived, almost intuitively, a direction for the solar motion agreeing very closely with modern results derived from much fuller material. The sun and its planets, with their attendant satellites, were, he affirmed, all moving towards a point in the constellation Hercules.

Before we come to the modern determinations it will be well to consider in some detail the exact nature of the problem and the difficulties which beset it. Imagine a panorama of mountain peaks in all directions, and at distances ranging from ten to fifty miles: if the spectator takes a step to the northwards, the peaks to the north are still directly in front of him, those to the south directly behind him, but those to the east and west now bear a little to the southward. All the peaks have slightly shifted their positions with the exception of the two which were exactly north and south. The amount of the shift of any one peak depends on the angle the line to this peak makes with the north and south line, being greatest for those which are due east and west; and also on the distance of the peak, being greatest for those which are nearest. If the step taken by the observer is a short one, the displacement of the peaks will be comparable in amount with the displacements of the stars caused by about a century's progress of the sun. Let us suppose that our observer among the mountain peaks is able to determine the directions in which they lie with absolute accuracy: if he moves a definite distance in a definite direction—say, a yard to the northwards—this distance will serve as a base line, and he will be able to determine the distances of all the peaks. Conversely, if he knows the distance of one of the peaks, and the direction in which he has moved, he will be able

to tell the distance between his two stations. If he knows his distance from two of the peaks, he will have sufficient data to determine both the length and the direction of the line joining his two points of observation. If the distances of a number of the peaks are known, he may combine observations of them all so as to diminish the accidental errors to which he is liable.

This same method could be applied to determine the direction and amount of the sun's motion if the distances of the stars were known. But the distances of only a very small number of stars are known, and in Herschel's time none had been determined.

We have then to consider what are the exact inferences which can be drawn from a slight apparent change in the configuration of a number of points whose distances are unknown. It is clear that a movement of a foot to the northwards will make the same change in the apparent direction of a point ten miles to the eastward, as a movement of a yard would for a point thirty miles to the eastward. The angles measured indicate the amount by which the point of observation has been changed, but only as a fraction of the distance from the distant point. Suppose there are a number of points at quite unknown, but approximately equal, distances from the observer: the differences of the bearings of these points, as seen from two near stations, are sufficient to determine the relative positions of the two stations, and also the distance between them as a fraction of the unknown distance of the points observed. So the astronomer may conclude that the Solar System has moved in a century one hundred thousandth part of its average distance from the stars whose apparent movements he has measured. But the astronomer is confronted with unknown motions, as well as unknown distances

of the stars. The change of position of a star in a century is as much due to its own motion as to the motion of the Solar System. But it is reasonable to suppose that the stars have no particular preference for one direction more than another, and that in the average of a large number of stars the effect due to the solar motion, being common to them all, will be distinctly shown, while the motions of the stars themselves, being indiscriminate in all directions, will neutralize one another in the mean result.

We will now consider the various solutions which have been obtained of this great problem: the first, and a remarkably accurate one, was given by Herschel in 1783. He used seven stars, whose proper motions had been accurately determined by Maskelyne, the Astronomer Royal. Herschel concluded that the Solar System was moving towards the constellation Hercules, because these stars appeared to be drifting towards the opposite point of the celestial sphere. In 1805 he used the thirty-six brightest stars visible in our latitudes, whose positions and proper motions had been carefully investigated by Maskelyne. From these observations he found for the direction of the solar motion, or position of the sun's apex, as it is called, a point nearly 30° distant from his previous determination. Although this difference is not to be wondered at when we consider the scanty material at Herschel's disposal, it naturally led other astronomers to doubt whether the motion of the Solar System had really been established, or whether the direction obtained was anything more than the direction opposite to the mean movement of these thirty-six particular stars. This critical attitude was maintained for a considerable time, its last and most distinguished adherent being Bessel. The great astronomer of Göttingen had rendered accessible the valuable observa-

tions of more than three thousand stars, made at Greenwich by Bradley near the year 1755, by correcting them, where necessary, for various errors due to the instrument, and also by making the necessary allowances for the changes in the positions of the stars arising from the nutation of the earth's axis and from the aberration of light. He called this work "*Fundamenta Astronomiæ*"—a proud title, which is still justified, for modern stellar astronomy commences with the classic observations of Bradley. Bessel compared the positions of some of the stars found by Bradley in 1755 with those found by Piazz, an Italian astronomer, about the year 1800. His conclusion, published in 1818, was that nothing could be asserted with any confidence as to the direction in which the Solar System was moving.

The next astronomer to attempt the problem was Argelander. He had made very exact observations of a number of the brighter stars at Abö, in Finland, about the year 1830. He compared the positions of 390 stars with those found by Bradley in 1755. Besides the larger number of stars, he had a much longer base-line than Herschel—the distance travelled by the Solar System in seventy-five years. He carried out his research with considerable mathematical refinement, and obtained a result extremely near the rough one found by Herschel in 1783.

Argelander's researches silenced all scepticism as to the reality of the solar motion, and the direction indicated by him as towards the constellation Hercules is not far wrong. The importance of the question from an astronomical point of view, and the interest arising from the mathematical difficulties it presents, have attracted many astronomers to it. About the year 1850 Airy indicated a mathematical treatment somewhat different from Argelander's, and he and Dunkin applied

it to some 1,500 of the stars observed by Bradley. Again, Galloway in 1847 used observations of stars of the southern hemisphere.

The modern determinations may be said to date from 1887. In 1886 Dr. Auwers published an extremely thorough and complete re-reduction of Bradley's observations of 1755, improving in many respects on the "*Fundamenta Astronomiæ*" of Bessel. By comparison of these famous observations with observations made about 1865, he determined the proper motions of all the 3,200 stars observed by Bradley, with a great increase of accuracy on former results. At least four astronomers, Dr. Kobold, Dr. Ludwig Struve, Dr. Kapteyn, and Professor Newcomb, have made use of these results to obtain the direction of the solar motion, each employing a different mathematical method. Two astronomers, Dr. Stumpe and Dr. Porter, have used stars with large motions, arguing that stars which move quickly are probably nearest, and will therefore more readily show a change of position due to our changed point of view. On the other hand, Professor Boss and Dr. Ristenpart have made determinations by comparing recent observations of a large number of fainter stars with observations made by Bessel some fifty years previously. Finally, Professor Boss, about two years ago, compared the observations made at the Cape of Good Hope in 1850 and 1880, and thus obtained a result from southern stars. In all these cases the number of stars employed has been between 2,000 and 5,000. There is a general agreement that the sun is moving towards a point in the constellation Lyra—a constellation adjoining Hercules—probably not far from the bright star Vega. The agreement between the results is not, however, all that could be desired, and there is room for an exhaustive and complete determination in which all the

stars, excluding a few of the very quickest and very brightest, down to the seventh magnitude should be included.

To form an idea of the accuracy at present attained, imagine a target in the sky, of the regulation pattern and of such a size that the bull's eye appears as large as the sun. If the centre of this target be at the star Vega, we may say that the point towards which the Solar System is moving is probably somewhere on the target. We may reasonably hope that its position will be much more nearly known in a few years' time. The difficulties arising from the unknown distances and motions of the stars may be partly met by more elaborate mathematical treatment, assisted by the rough general knowledge we possess of the relative distances of different classes of stars; still more will the increase of material tend towards a more accurate result. Another class of difficulties has arisen from some unknown errors in the older observations, particularly in Bradley's, where they arise from errors of graduations of his circles. This class of error will be more and more eliminated as time separates us further from the old observations, and by the use of observations made with other instruments, such as those of the middle of last century.

Arguing from the analogy of the motion of the planets round the sun, various speculations have been made as to the possibility of the sun describing some gigantic orbit. For the present, observation is powerless to confirm or refute any such theories. The discovery of curvature in the path pursued by the Solar System is quite beyond the possibilities of present-day astronomy. Attempts have been made to determine whether the sun and the stars nearest it have some common motion, relative to the more distant stars and to the Milky Way, but no sufficient evidence

has as yet been produced to support the thesis. If it should be established that the direction of the solar motion, when derived from the nearer and brighter stars, is certainly different from that derived from the fainter and more distant stars, the explanation would probably be sought on these lines. At present nothing in the observations justifies such an hypothesis.

An entirely different method of determining the solar motion has met with signal success in the last few years. In 1868 Dr. (now Sir William) Huggins showed how the spectroscope might be applied to determine the velocities of stars in the line of sight, *i. e.* the rate at which they are approaching or receding from the earth. The initial difficulties were very great, owing to the small quantity of light which a star offers an observer to spread out and analyze in his spectroscope, and also on account of the minuteness of the displacements in the lines of the spectra which arise from the velocities of the stars. Sir William Huggins showed that such determinations were possible, and initiated this fruitful line of research. It was soon materially assisted by the substitution of photographic for visual methods of observation, and has rapidly progressed in scope and accuracy with the introduction of larger telescopes and the increase of the sensitiveness of photographic plates.

The most extensive and accurate observations as yet published are those made at the Lick Observatory, in California, under Professor Campbell's direction. The velocities of 280 stars were determined—velocities due in part to the solar motion, in part to the motion peculiar to each star. These results were treated by a method analogous to that used for movements across the line of sight, what was common in the movements of the stars being explained as due to the movement of the sun. As far as direction of the solar

motion is concerned, the result is in fair accordance with that found from the transverse movements. In addition, an excellent determination of the sun's velocity, which was only very imperfectly obtained by the older method, is derived from these observations. The velocity is found to be $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles a second, a result which may be taken as accurate to at least one mile a second. The spectroscopic method has the advantage that it is unaffected by the distances of the stars, and is therefore free from hypotheses as to their distance, which are to some extent implied in the old method.

The conclusion at which we have arrived is that the sun is moving at the rate of $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles a second in the direction of the bright star Vega, or thereabouts. This velocity carries it

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each year a distance of nearly four times the distance from the earth to the sun. This is in itself a striking and interesting result. It derives additional importance from the fact that we can now reverse our previous reasoning, and use this as a basis for the determination of the average distances of stars of different magnitudes. We have furnished ourselves with a scale with which the sidereal universe can be measured and explored.

Further development of this subject is, however, beyond the scope of the present paper, in which my object has been to indicate the methods by which the motion of the Solar System in space has been determined, and to sketch the progress made in the solution of this problem from the time of Herschel to the present day.

F. W. Dyson.

AN INSECT IN WINTER QUARTERS.

In the stress of competition animals have adopted many and various devices for passing through the winter. It is comparatively few, and these only warm-blooded animals, that are able to maintain their vigor throughout the season of cold weather. Of the rest the activity is limited by temperature. In the same way many phenomena, which are universally admitted to be entirely chemical in their nature, take place slowly at low but with marked energy at high temperatures.

It is among insects that we find the most diverse and perhaps the most astonishing modes of wintering. Nor is it surprising that this should be the case. The species of insects are more numerous than those of any other class of animals. Yet they form the habitual diet of an enormous number of

mammals, birds, reptiles, and other animals, both vertebrate and invertebrate, and have a large percentage of foes among the members of their own household. To meet the extraordinarily high death-rate a birth-rate correspondingly high has of necessity been evolved. Many insects lay hundreds, some even thousands, of eggs, and yet, out of all these hopeful starters in life's race, only two of each batch reach the goal of maturity. Were the facts otherwise, those species whose birth-rate exceeded the death-rate would show from year to year a progressive increase in the number of individuals. There is no species either of insects or of any other animal in which this is the case. It is true only of the civilized races of man.

The eggs of insects being thus re-

markably numerous, it follows, as a matter of simple arithmetical division, that the amount of sustenance supplied in the form of food-yolk by the parent to each egg is correspondingly small. Hence it comes about that the young insect, in many instances, issues from the eggshell at a very early stage of development. Its food stores being exhausted, it must henceforth procure its victuals by its own efforts. It must face the world alone, and generally without weapons or armor. Here, then, we have an almost unique combination of the conditions favorable to the moulding influence of natural selection. The plastic material is abundant, the pressure of the hand (or rather jaw) of the artificer is firm and sure. It is no mere chance accident that determines which one or two of the several hundred larvæ of a batch shall reach maturity. Death is the penalty for any shortcoming. Small wonder then that among all animals a high standard of efficiency is universal, and that among insects in particular we find the most striking instances of protective resemblance, of mimicry, of social organization, and of mechanical or chemical contrivance.

The puss moth affords a remarkable illustration of the results achieved by the rigorous selection to which we have just alluded. In early summer the eggs are laid upon the leaves of the poplar or willow—a few on this tree, a few on that. Nature has long since enforced the principle of not placing all in one basket. In a few weeks the young caterpillars emerge jet black, and easily mistaken for a dark, withered portion of a leaf. They are nevertheless provided with a pair of curious tails, from which can be everted two scarlet filaments. These conspicuous appendages are shot forth when the creature is alarmed, and are sufficient to deter certain enemies from pushing home the attack. With each

successive moult of the skin the appearance of the animal undergoes slight alterations, but throughout it is such as to afford a good protection by concealment among the leaves and twigs of the food-plant.

By August the caterpillar is full grown, and is now some two inches in length, and curiously hump-backed. The body is for the most part green. But so large a mass, if uniformly green, would be conspicuous among the high lights and deeper shadows on the leaves. Accordingly, an undulating white stripe has been evolved upon each side to represent a strongly illuminated edge, and near it are various dark blotches and markings which give the effect of shadows. Although no very exact copy of a leaf is produced, yet the result is in very satisfactory harmony with the surrounding tints and patterns. Close behind the head there is a rather bright red band with two black spots upon it. When the creature is at rest and undisturbed this bit of gay color bears a very striking resemblance, both in size and tone, to certain bright red galls, which commonly form misshapen swellings upon the surface of poplar leaves. When danger threatens a further use is found for this conspicuous region of the body. The head is then suddenly drawn back, and, so to speak, telescoped into the front part of the body, so that the red belt forms the most advanced portion of the animal. The aspect now is that of the red and angry face of some much larger animal, whose two eyes are represented by the black spots mentioned above. In addition the scarlet caudal filaments (if they have not already been bitten off) are displayed to increase the terrifying appearance. But the resources of the soft-bodied caterpillar are not yet exhausted. If actually touched by an enemy it will spurt forth from a sac beneath its mouth a jet of formic acid which, should it reach the

eye or mouth, or other tender surface of the opponent, will cause intense smarting and pain, and probably a hasty retreat. It is one of the most marvellous things in nature that the strong acids and alkalis produced by various animals are tolerated by the tissues of the producers themselves. Yet, as we shall presently see, in this case a counterbalancing effect occurs in another region of the body.

The perils of early life being over, the caterpillar retires to the branches and climbs down the main stem to within a few feet of the ground. To diminish the risk of detection while passing over the bark, the color of the animal assumes a decidedly darker tint. The object of this descent is that the older and more gnarled portion of the trunk may be reached, for it is amongst the irregularities of the bark that the cocoon is made and concealed. For this purpose fragments of bark are bitten off and incorporated with the silk which is spun out from the two silk-glands. But here occurs a beautiful example of the economy of nature. The formic acid, which hitherto has been held in reserve as the last weapon of defence, is now put to a use entirely different. As the silk issues from the spinneret it is in a semi-liquid condition, and before it has time to solidify to a dry thread it is moistened with the acid, which keeps welling out from the sac in which it is stored. The effect of the acid is to make the thread swell and become viscid, so that it adheres to the bark and coalesces with the material already spun. So complete is the fusion that it is impossible to unravel the threads of the finished cocoon. In fact, all filamentous structure completely disappears, and the whole wall of the cocoon becomes horny, like dried glue, and extremely hard. Chemically the method of the caterpillar is the same as that of the manufacturer of fish-glue.

Safe now from all external foes, the caterpillar throws off its skin and becomes a chrysalis. Thus it remains till the end of the following spring. The caterpillar has made good the deficiency of food with which the egg was provided, and the organism once again enters upon a period of apparent inactivity. It is as though the caterpillar, after a short interruption for the sake of procuring food, had crept back again into the eggshell. Nor are the processes that ensue within the cocoon very different from those within the egg. In both the tissues hurry towards their final structure, and fail to recapitulate, even in brief, the steps up which the species toiled in times gone by. During the chrysalis stage the muscles and many other organs of the caterpillar break down more or less into amorphous fatty masses, from which are elaborated direct the organs of the future moth.

But with the warmer weather of May there arises a fresh problem. How is the soft and downy moth to get out from the prison imposed upon it by its own ingenuity when a caterpillar? Preparation has been made during the period of rest. Within the body there develops in connection with the digestive organs, a special pouch, in which is stored a strong solution of caustic potash—an alkaline substance, which, as we have above suggested, may be set off against the acid produced at an earlier stage. When the moth is ready to emerge it cracks open the hard skin of the chrysalis, and struggles partly out of it. The combined lengths of the partly free moth and of the old husk then occupy the full extent of the cocoon cavity, and it becomes possible for the insect to press firmly with its head against the front, while the tail of the cast-off chrysalis case abuts against the hinder end of the cocoon. The caustic potash is now discharged from the mouth against the inner surface of the

cocoon, and quickly rots it. The tender fluffy head of the moth is still protected by the head and eyes of the chrysalis skin which separate from the rest, and remain as a shield over the parts which would otherwise be exposed to friction as the perfect insect bursts its way out of prison. Freedom is gained by the aid of a pair of sharp spikes, which project from the head beneath the protecting shield. These awls rasp and scrape away the material softened by the potash, while the shield is held firmly in place by means of hooks, which fit into "eyes" upon the head of the moth. At length the struggling creature frees itself and crawls a little

The Pilot.

way up the stem. By means of its front legs it pulls off the shield which is now no longer required but rather is a mask obscuring the vision. In a few hours the wings have expanded and dried, and the moth is ready to fly away in search of a mate.

Correlated with the method adopted for passing through the winter, we find nearly all the most striking incidents of the life-history—the acid for the conversion of silk to glue, the potash for the destruction of the cocoon, the retention of the head and eyes of the chrysalis as a shield, and the awls for boring the hole that leads to light and liberty.

O. H. L.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mrs. Sarah Grand has been seriously ill, but has so far recovered that she is at present engaged upon a short novel and a play.

Dean Kitchin's collection of papers written during the last five years is about to be published under the title "Ruskin in Oxford and Other Studies."

A committee has been formed in Dublin to promote a public memorial in Ireland of the services rendered to letters and to history by the Right Hon. W. E. H. Lecky. Professor Dowden, Professor Mahaffy and the Lord Chancellor of Ireland are members of the committee.

Miss Emily Lawless's volume on Maria Edgeworth for the "English Men of Letters" series, has been delayed owing to the ill-health of the writer; but Miss Lawless's familiarity with Irish literature and history is sufficient as-

surance that the book will be worth while.

The extraordinary advertising campaign in the interest of the London Times' edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" resulted in the sale of about forty thousand copies of the work. Whatever may be thought of some of the methods employed, this at least is evidence that serious works appeal to a large constituency.

The Athenæum confirms the report that Mr. Pierpont Morgan has purchased the manuscripts of Byron's "Corsair" and Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii" for \$10,000. When the multi-millionaires are ready to pay such prices for manuscripts which are by no means of transcendent importance, all sorts of autographic treasure trove must rise in value.

The Academy utters a lament which

thousands of readers will echo over the prevailing fashion of magazines of altering their cover from month to month. The Academy finds very annoying the difficulty of picking out one's favorite magazine on the bookstall or the library table, and observes that old acquaintance are apt to be forgot when they are continually changing their appearance.

The three most read books in Germany during the past year were, according to the reports of the booksellers, three novels (and in the following order): Beyerlein, "Jena oder Sedan"; Heyking, "Briefe die ihn nicht erreichten"; and Frenssen, "Jörn Uhl." The authors, still novelists, who come next in popularity, are Clara Viebig, Thomas Mann and Georg von Ompteda. The German critics are rejoicing because for the first time for several years there are no foreigners among the most read novelists in Germany. In former years Zola, Tolstoi, and Sienkiewicz have taken high places.

The editor of "Who's Who in America" gives a humorous account in his preface of some of the difficulties which he experienced in getting his autobiographic material in manageable shape. For instance:

One gentleman of distinguished antebellum record "took his pen in hand," and wrote an installment of autobiography which brought him to the Mexican war in about eight thousand words, at the end of which he cheered the recipient with the assurance that the remainder would reach him in due time. It did: in about a dozen similar installments which arrived, with great regularity, in every Monday's morning mail until the story was told.

The ninth volume of Mr. Archer Butler Hulbert's series of monographs upon Historic Highways of America,—a series which no student of early American history can afford not to read,—is devoted to the waterways of western

expansion, and especially to the Ohio river and its tributaries. The Ohio river was one of the most important roads which immigration followed into the west, and Mr. Hulbert traces the history and development of this route from the voyages of Céloron and Father Bonnécamps in the middle of the eighteenth century, through the adventures of pioneer settlers who converged upon it from various historic land-roads, and the rough and romantic days of the keel-boatmen and barge-men, to the present time. There are several rare maps. The Arthur H. Clark Company.

A writer in *The Athenæum*, comparing and contrasting Zola and George Gissing, observes that the rise from Gissing's earlier work to "In the Year of Jubilee" and "The Whirlpool" is remarkable, and at a due distance "comparable to Balzac's rise out of those earlier and forgotten melodramatic tales of his to the heights of the 'Comédie Humaine.' What Gissing understood best was a particular section of the lower middle class; and if he had had health and encouragement, he was quite capable of weaving a lesser Human Comedy out of these materials. He seems to have emancipated himself very early from melodramatic leanings; and that fact alone would distinguish him from the creator of the Rougon-Macquarts. But in no respects were the two alike. Zola was a man of genius who 'mugged up' Blue-books and such literature, and eked out with rhetoric and melodrama; but being a man of genius and a poet withal, he produced imperishable matter. Gissing was a writer of the highest talent, who described sincerely and most forcibly the world he knew." At the time of his death, George Gissing was employed on his new novel, which he had called "Veranilda"; but it is not known whether he had completed it.

SOLACE IN NATURE.

When Fortune had no smile for you,
and joy seemed out of reach,
And you and Happiness, alas! were
very far apart,
Did you ever stand at twilight on some
quiet, wave-washed beach,
And let the sea's soft monotone speak
comfort to your heart?

When life had lost its savor, and chill
disappointment fell
On the cherished plan or project that
you had gladly made,
Did you ever bend your footsteps to
some green and tranquil dell,
Where the trees grow leaves for heal-
ing, and birds sing unafraid?

When Death had cast its shadow, and
a loving voice was still
That had been as tender music to the
sunshine of your day,
Did you ever take your sorrow to the
moorland or the hill,
And let the whispering breezes charm
your bitter tears away?

For Nature, sweet in silence and pass-
ing sweet in speech,
Has a word for every trouble and
balm for every smart;
But to find her gifts of solace, which
are well within our reach,
We must come as trustful seekers,
and draw very near her heart.

E. Matheson.

Chambers's Journal.

THE LEGEND OF THE ASS.

"What means the mark upon thy back,
dear Griz?

I trace it on thy shoulders as I ride.
Slender the cross it seems that shad-
owed is
Even to thy side."

"Well may'st thou ask of me, who
bear'st the sign,
Albeit unseen, upon thy tender brow.
Are we not signèd with the self-same
sign,
Even I and thou?

"Behold an heritage, and who shall
know

What mystic virtue the great sign
contains—

Where is the hardship of the cruel
blow
Of whip and reins?

"Nay, when we shrink beneath a cud-
gelled hide,

Dawns a far memory all sorrow
calms,

We hear the murmur of the multitude,
We see the palms—

"And all else falls from us. It matters
not

If we with Suffering keep patient
tryst.

We, as a race, O child, may share thy
lot,

We have served Christ."

The gray ass halted in her pattering
pace,

High hoofed and obdurate, sleek
eared and mild,

A world of wisdom in a velvet face
Turned to the child.

"So have we patience. And in forti-
tude

Do thou wax stronger as the years
pass on,

So shalt thou in thine heart, a living
rood,

Carry God's Son."

Pamela Tennant.

The Spectator.

THE RHYMER.

When I was but a little lad
My master set me rhyming,
And often bade me stand and hark
When Blagden bells were chiming.

And so I grew, and many a day
Loved well this game of rhyming,
For all the fated words rang sweet
As Blagden bells a-chiming.

But times are changed, and if I say,
As all must say, "To-morrow,"
Grown harsh and false, the bells reply,
"To-morrow—morrow—sorrow."

H. D. Lowry.

Pall Mall Magazine.